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HAVEN.

BY H. I. M.

There's a haven, safely locked
By two arms outstretching wide,
Where for many an age have flocked
Storm-tossed ships from every side.

Depth enough it has to float
Every vessel, great or small,
Stateliest build, or simplest boat,
And there's room enough for all.

Ever on its swelling breast,
Pours the sunshine from above,
For this heaven, safe and blest,
It is God's unfathomed love.

And the arms, its sure defence,
By the rudest shocks unstirred,
Are our God's Omnipotence
And His never-failing word.

Anchor here, O storm-tossed soul,
Here thy fears and doubts shall cease;
Though without the billows roll,
Here in safety, rest and peace.

TIFF.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A GREAT MISTAKE," "ROSE OF THE WORLD," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE curtain had risen to the first act of the successful comedy "Peacock's Feathers," and Mrs. Joybells herself had only just run on to the stage with a peal of silvery and infectious laughter, when a late arrival made every fashionable eye—and nearly all the eyes in the tiny Duchess's Theatre were fashionable—turn from that deservedly popular actress to the tall and slender girl dressed in white who had just entered one of the stage-boxes.

The young lady in question was accompanied by a clever-looking woman in a French toilette, and was surrounded by half a dozen men, with whom she was keeping up a subdued but animated conversation as she unfastened her white cloak and prepared to come forward and take possession of the arm-chair which little Sir Robert Davenant, with extreme empressement, was holding in readiness for her.

Another favored youth was waiting to hang up the opera-cloak and the long scarf of white Spanish lace which the girl had worn twisted round her head and throat; a third carried her opera glass; a fourth, as she seated herself, resigned the enormous bouquet of white roses he had been permitted to carry, and was rewarded with a little nod and a smile, as the girl, carelessly laying her flowers on the ledge of the box, turned and took a calm survey of the crowded house, unconscious to all appearance of the fire of glances and opera-glasses that was being brought half furtively to bear upon her.

"Miss Masserene!" people were telling each other in well-bred asides. "Lady Ingram's cousin! How extremely well she is looking to-night!"

The Duchess's Theatre is hung, with much artistic feeling, in sombre-hued tapestry; and against this harmonious background the very remarkable figure of the girl in white stood out in distinct and delicate relief.

Her face, sweet with the ineffable bloom of its nineteen years, was one to be remembered in a thousand, even by those who saw only that her hair and eyebrows and lashes were raven-black, her skin as clear and colorless as a pearl, and her large eyes of the most brilliant blue imaginable.

"That fair girl with the black hair and intensely blue eyes," people said, when they asked who the young beauty was, and before they had time to notice the proud slim throat, small head, long limbs, and general look of race which were Ninon's other claims to be considered a worthy daughter of the "magnificent Masserenes."

Those who came to know her almost forgot these perfections in the subtle provoking charm of the girl's expression, of mingled irony and melancholy sufficiently startling in one so young and so lovely, that set her face apart at once from all other faces in the memory.

It was a face to pique, to touch, to ensnare—a face with a story in it—a story as yet untold, but for the reading of which most men would have risked all things, even the ominous suggestions of future suffering, for others as well as for herself, which seemed to lurk in the sweet and mocking wistfulness of the girl's pretty smile.

One man in the crowded theatre had eyes for nothing else but that pale black-haired girl in the white gown.

The gown had not an ornament to boast of, except the lace ruffles at its elbows and the few overblown white roses, like those in her bouquet, which she had fastened on her left shoulder; but in Ninon Masserene, her curious transparent pallor heightened rather than dominated by the unrelieved white of the dress, sat looking like a queen over all the other women of the house.

"How lovely she is! How well she carries her small sleek head! How well that little air of sweet and sad carelessness becomes her!"

So thought poor Dick Strong, as he sat in his stall devouring his beautiful cousin with his eyes.

He was used to admiring her from afar off.

He knew how hopeless it must always be drawing her nearer to him.

Look how that little Baronet was whispering her ear, and how proud the other men in the box seemed to be even seen in her train!

And she was as high above his head, as far beyond his reach, as the summer stars that were shining outside the stifling theatre were high and far above the black and motionless trees of the park he had just crossed.

He would not look at her any longer. He would not go up to Lady Ingram's box when the curtain fell.

What was the use of his having kept away from Dover Street for a whole restless wretched week if he were to rush into temptation again the moment he saw her? And besides—a bitter smile curled the young man's bearded lip—would it not be a pity to interrupt the stream of Sir Robert's whispered confidences, which Ninon no doubt found more interesting than anything he, Dick, could possibly say?

Poor Dick turned his eyes resolutely to the stage, but for which he would have seen Miss Masserene put her finger with a pretty imperious gesture to her lip and silence Sir Robert's whispers.

"Hush!" she was saying.

"There is Mr. St. Leonards! And we are behaving very badly indeed. He is coming to Dover Street this evening after the performance, and I shall be ashamed to look him in the face."

"Why should you look at him, Miss Masserene?" grumbled little Sir Robert. "Charley St. Leonards is conceited enough as it is."

No answer was vouchsafed him; and, when Mr. St. Leonards, in his well-cut morning-coat and with his favorite collie at his heels, came across the stage, through real rose-bushes, from a cottage overgrown with real ivy, he saw a most attentive party in Lady Ingram's box, and a certain white figure leaning forward on folded hands and watching him with an air of absorbed attention that the actor found more flattering than all the gentle applause which greeted his entrance.

He had the gardenia still in his buttonhole which Ninon had sold him for a guinea that morning at the fancy fair; and in his first speech the actor contrived to introduce a little allusion to the flower which was understood only by her and to glance up into her face for an instant as he spoke.

The young lady acknowledged this bit of by-play with one of her sudden brilliant smiles, and then as suddenly she dropped her eyes and drew back into the shelter of the tapestry curtain against which her chair was placed.

And the comedy went on, every one agreeing that Charles St. Leonards was excelling himself, and had never played Captain Daryl so well before.

As the curtain fell on the first act, Miss Masserene suddenly became aware of her cousin's presence in the stalls.

The young man had not been able, in spite of his resolutions, to resist the pleasure of looking at her again, and as he turned their eyes met.

A twinge shot through the girl's heart at sight of his resolutely patient face.

She made a hardly perceptible motion of her head and her eyebrows.

Dick understood that it was an invitation or rather a command; but he shook his head, and began with much attention to study his programme.

The buzz of chatter and laughter had broken out in the box again on the fall of the curtain.

Sir Robert Davenant was beginning to whisper anew.

A fire of opera-glasses was being levelled as before at Lady Ingram's beautiful young cousin; but upon Ninon's enjoyment of the whole situation a sudden chill had fallen.

"Katherine," she said, leaning across to Lady Ingram, "there is Dick in the stalls. I wish you would send some one down for him.

"I may not have another opportunity of saying good-bye."

"If you will take my advice," returned Lady Ingram, smiling, "you will leave it unsaid."

"Oh, why?" asked Ninon, with the most innocent air in the world—but she felt that twinge at her heart again.

"Why should I be rude to him just because he happens to be my cousin?"

And then Sir Robert Davenant was despatched in search of poor Dick, who scowled when he saw the messenger his cousin had chosen, and decided unjustly that it was only as a proof of her power over the little Baronet that the message had been sent at all.

Nevertheless he could hardly refuse to obey Lady Ingram's summons; and the two young men went back together, silent and antagonistic, to the box.

It was Sir Robert's turn to look at Miss Masserene from a distance now.

Ninon turned as they entered and gave her cousin a hand over his shoulder. It was a cool little hand enough in its long white glove, but the girl's great blue eyes sank beneath Dick's look as he took the vacated chair at her side.

"Is it you or your ghost?" she began, with a somewhat forced laugh.

"I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw you down there.

"Why did you not come up sooner? And what have you been doing with yourself all this long time?"

"I have been staying at home with my mother," the young man answered very quietly.

"Oh"—with charming gravity—"what a good boy! And she has given you leave to come to the play to-night, just for a treat?"

Dick was silent; and the girl went on, in defiance of another secret pang—

"I suppose we must not ask you to go back to Dover Street with us? No doubt you promised your mother and Miss Hawthorn to be home early?"

"Yes, I did," he answered, as quietly as before.

"You have not been to see us for some time; so you don't know that my mother has been ailing."

Ninon bit her lip.

"She has Miss Hawthorn to take care of her," she said abruptly.

"Yes, Mary is always faithful."

The girl made an impatient little movement.

"Don't let me detain you any longer," she said. "It must be nine o'clock. High time for good little boys to be at home and in bed."

"Thank you; but I intend to see the play out, now that I am here. Good boys like to know how a story ends as well as bad ones." Ninon's eyes fell.

"I wish I knew how this one begins," she said pouting a little. "We were late as usual. Do tell me Dick, what the first part of the act was about."

"I have almost forgotten," Dick answered gravely.

"But no doubt you will see it again some day, or another as good.

"It is only the end of the comedy which interests me now."

Ninon glanced up hurriedly, her pale cheeks flushing.

She had tried to laugh at him, to treat him like a boy; but it was a man's trouble that was looking at her out of poor Dick's honest grey eyes.

"If I had known you were going to be so disagreeable," she said pouting again, "I would have left you to the undisturbed contemplation of Miss Butler's back hair; you appeared to be studying the intricacies of her braids very intently just now."

Her cousin was silent again.

"Really, Dick," the girl protested, with an uneasy laugh, "it is very hard to make talk for you. Why don't you say something, sir? I am sure it is quite your turn."

"I am not a fashionable young gentleman," replied Dick, unmoved. "I speak only when I have something to say."

"And apparently"—Ninon smiled with pretty malice—"that does not happen every day! But perhaps"—putting on a demure air, and folding her hands—"perhaps your thoughts have flown back to Laura Butler's auburn tresses? If the case is very serious, of course I won't joke about it any more. I will respect your agonies."

Still silence on Dick's part.

Ninon's heart began to beat unpleasantly. Why had she not taken Lady Ingram's advice and let him—even if it were only pretty well—alone?

"If you are going to be sulky," she said, in a hurried undertone, "you had better go back to your charming Miss Butler."

"Since when," asked the young man curtly, "has she been Miss Butler?"

"Since the day of the pic-nic at Burnham Beeches, when you flirted with her so outrageously all through dinner."

"Oh, was it I who flirted so outrageously at Burnham Beeches!"

It was Ninon's turn to be silent now; but, feeling herself worsted, she lifted her black-fringed blue eyes to her cousin's, and gave him a long and beseeching look that ran like fire through the young man's veins and made him forget in wild delight of that moment all his past sufferings, all his good resolutions for the future.

How utterly powerless he was, after all, in her hands!

How useless it was to try to resist her!

The orchestra was playing a plaintive waltz of Waldteufel's, the white roses on Ninon's breast were giving out their dreamy odor, and as he leant forward, looking down into the beautiful gray eyes, the girl smiled her slow sweet smile with its wistful undertone of pain.

"Dick," she whispered, in a coaxing little way, "you are a cross old thing!"

"Was it to tell me that you sent for me?" Dick answered absently, his eyes still fixed on the sweet dangerous face.

A cloud passed over it.

Ninon sighed.

"No," she said. "I am glad you reminded me. I had almost forgotten.

"I sent for you because I wanted to say good-bye."

"Good-bye!" he echoed, changing color under all his healthy sunburn.

"You are going away, then, with Lady Ingram?"

"No; I am going home."

"Ah"—his face was all alight with sudden pleasure—"you have decided then?"

"Of course."

Ninon began rather nervously to play with her bouquet and to pluck a few loose petals from the roses.

"I was asked only for a month, and I have stayed two. And Katherine is going abroad soon—to the Engadine first, and then to Rome.

"She is going to winter in Rome."

"I thought you wanted to go to Rome so much?" Dick urged, in the same pleased, eager way.

"So I do."

The rose-leaves were falling fast on Ninon's white gown.

"But"—carelessly—"I won't go there or anywhere else again without Tiffany. It was very mean of me to come at all after last summer—you remember?—and leave her alone; but I could not resist the temptation—I never can, for that matter."

"Are you not resisting it now?" Dick said, almost in a whisper.

"Dear, I am so glad! I knew they had not spoilt you. I was sure you would do what was right and kind when it came to the point."

"Oh"—the girl shrugged her shoulders—"that is only because my pleasure is beginning to taste bitter in my mouth! If this wretched little tugging at my heart would go away and let me be happy, I would stay and go to Pontrasina with Katharine, you may be sure.

"I detest Marybridge. It is duller even than poor old Avranches. And I adore London and travelling."

"And yet you give them both up for Tiffany's sake? Ninon"—the young fellow's voice sank lower still—"will you always be as ready to make sacrifices for any one you care about?"

"Oh, pray, Dick"—the girl broke into an impatient laugh—"pray don't use such big words!

"Don't I tell you I would not go home if I could be comfortable here? There is no merit that I can see in doing what you can't help."

"She is obstinate Dick, you see," put in Lady Ingram, who had overheard Ninon's share at least of the dialogue, "I have done my best to persuade her, but she persists in going back to Marybridge and the fair Tiffany for life."

"I can't help myself," retorted Ninon crossly.

"Do you suppose that I am not much sorrier, Katharine, than ever you can be? But I can't help myself."

"That settles it of course, my dear child." Lady Ingram was calmly fanning herself. "But I suppose you know that you are the goose?"

"I have no doubt that I am a goose—a quite too utter goose, if you like; but I can't help that either; and so"—she turned, with another sweet and dangerous smile, to poor Dick—"you had better come back with us to Dover Street and say good-bye to me before I go."

"Of course I will come," he answered abruptly, as he rose to make way for Sir Davenant, who was obviously resenting his monopoly of Miss Masserene.

"In spite of your promise to your mother and Mary?"

"In spite of everything and everybody in the world," the young man murmured in her ear; and, though Ninon laughed and shook her head in pretty reproof, she turned a little pale.

Dick hardly knew what he was saying or doing as he left the box.

The plaintive refrain of Waldteufel's waltz followed him as he went down-stairs, and all the air seemed filled with the fainting fragrance of white roses.

His veins were on fire, his pulses throbbing.

Little Sir Robert seized eagerly upon the vacant chair near the beauty, and was greeted by Ninon with such a smile and such a flashing of resplendent blue eyes as more than made up for his brief exile into the back of the box.

Sir Robert thought that he had never seen Miss Masserene look so pretty and bewitching before.

"You are not tired after all your exertion?" he whispered, in that confidential way that had excited Dick's ire. "It is awfully plucky of you, don't you know, to show up again to-night. Molly has gone to bed dead beat."

Molly was the little Baronet's sister; and the two young ladies had been selling flowers together all day long at the fancy fair.

"Miss Davenant can come to the theatre to-morrow night—any night," returned Ninon, pulling a long face.

"I"—with a sigh—"must make the most of my last bit of pleasure. I am going home to-morrow."

Sir Robert's cheerful face fell.

"Not really," he cried, in a tone of deep dismay—"not before Mrs. Golding's ball, and the tableaux at Tudor House, and not before the Eton and Harrow match, Miss Masserene?"

"Yes, really and truly. I am going to-morrow.

"And it is very good of you to feel for me Sir Robert.

"I assure you I am awfully sorry for myself."

"But why should you go home? Does any one ever go home except when there is nothing else to be done? Lady Ingram must not let you go."

The other men, overhearing, joined their protests to Sir Robert's.

Ninon defended herself charmingly, putting off her half-dozen adorers with the airy grace of a finished coquette.

Katherine," she cried prettily at last, "pray come to the rescue! The scene is going up, and I particularly want to see Mr. St. Leonards's scene in this act. Do take Sir Robert away."

"No, no," protested Sir Robert, "I won't say another word. I give you my honor."

He sat himself down on a footstool, with his curly fair head on a level with Ninon's white shoulder.

"I can't bear that fellow St. Leonards," he grumbled. "He's the most conceited fool on the stage."

Ninon did not answer.

She was leaning forward again on her folded hands and intently watching the stage.

How was Sir Robert Davenant, or even Charley St. Leonards, to know that she did not hear one word of the celebrated love-scene she had professed herself so eager to see—that she hardly saw the characters in the comedy as they came and went in their exquisite point-lace drawing-room?

Of what was she dreaming?

Perhaps of what she would do if she were a queen; perhaps of the fleeting nature of earthly things, fancy fairs and flirtation included; perhaps of old ones she could well wish were undone.

As the curtain fell for the last time, she woke up with a little start, and, turning from the stage—whence St. Leonards had just sent her a long deep look in recognition of her air of absorbed attention—she found her cousin waiting, with her soft white cloak in his hands.

He had come noiselessly into the box and had secured it some moments before the end of the act.

"It is your last night," he said in the girl's ear.

"You will let me take care of you for once as I used to do, instead of those other fellows?"

"Dick what nonsence!" returned Ninon hurriedly.

"Of course you may put on my cloak for me if you like; but you are to be nice, as you used to be, and not look such unutterable things at poor harmless Sir Robert."

"Then do you look at me, and not at him" pleaded the young man, in a passionate whisper. "You have looked at me only once to-night. And I have stayed away for a week."

"Dick, pray—pray!"

Ninon urged, trying to laugh; but he was holding her hand; he would not let it go; and, rather than have a scene at such a moment, she did raise to his the wonderful black fringed blue eyes about which all London had been raving for a month and more.

They were misty with unshed tears.

"Ninon!" cried the young fellow, aghast. "What have I done? What have I said? Oh forgive me dear!"

"You are very unkind and unjust," she answered, forcing a smile.

"Why need you make me so miserable just at the last when we have been such good friends until now?"

Before he answered, Lady Ingram called to them both, a little impatiently; and, surrounded by their little court, the two ladies quitted the box and went into the lobby to await their carriage.

Ninon, in her soft white wraps, had still her unconscious little air, as she stood at her cousin's side, a tall and distinguished young figure.

A royal personage had been observed to look during the evening with marked interest at the beautiful young stranger.

Women scanned her as they passed with uneasy glances.

Men young and old, did silent homage at her youth and her loveliness, in spite of Sir Robert Davenant's frowns and air of resolute proprietorship.

It was a moment that Ninon never forgot, perhaps because she looked upon it as a farewell.

"Ninon," Lady Ingram said suddenly—there was some delay about the carriage, and Sir Robert had been despatched in search of Dick, who had undertaken to see to it—"what on earth induced you to bring Dick home with us? I suppose you know what you have to expect?"

"A scolding from you, evidently," said the girl, with a brilliant glance; "and I am sure I don't deserve it. I have been very good indeed all the evening."

She bowed as she spoke to poor Dick's "charming Miss Butler," an elderly young lady with a courageous smile that seemed to set fate at defiance, who passed just then with her mother.

Lady Ingram raised her well-marked eyebrows.

"Why, what have I done?" demanded Ninon, putting on an air of injured innocence.

"Really, Katherine, it is too bad of you to——"

"Oh, I don't care in the least, so far as Bobby Davenant and Charles St. Leonards are concerned!" returned Lady Ingram. "They are very well able to take care of themselves."

"You think so?" returned Ninon superbly.

"But if you are going back to Marybridge only in order to run away from poor Dick, you may as well stay with me a little longer. The mischief is past mending."

"Katherine"—Ninon turned and looked at her companion, faintly flushing—"what do you mean?"

"I mean that you will have to refuse him to-night, unless you can find time to do so in the intervals of your packing to-morrow."

"My dear Katherine"—reproachfully—"why do you say such unpleasant things? Dick and I are the best friends in the world, of course; but as for anything else——"

She paused, vexed.

Lady Ingram answered only with a smile.

For some moments Ninon stood biting her lips and irritably patting the floor with her small white shoe.

"I shall go to bed," she declared at last abruptly.

"I won't see him."

Lady Ingram smiled again.

"You had much better get it over," she said, "and have all to-morrow to yourself. Why, my dear child, you must learn to grow used to such little things! You know very well that in your heart of hearts you will enjoy the excitement; we all do!"

"Do we?"

Ninon questioned wistfully.

"Do all women like giving pain in that way, just as all men like shooting and killing things for sport? Well perhaps so. But Dick"—the girl's voice trembled—"poor old Dick! That is quite different. He is not like those other men. Even Sir Robert would not enjoy shooting robins, would he?"

Lady Ingram shrugged her handsome shoulders.

"I dare say he would, in the absence of better sport.

"As for you, child, you must just pot your robin as neatly as you can. It will be practice for you, and a lesson to future robins not to soar so high."

Ninon turned away impatiently; and, when presently Dick came back to say that the carriage was waiting, she looked at him with quite a new timidity and gentleness out of the cloud of white lace in which her charming head was wrapped.

And it was Dick, and not Sir Robert Davenant, who was allowed to put Miss Masserene into the little brougham after he had carefully bestowed therein the surging laces and flounces of Lady Ingram's white gown.

"Good-bye," said that lady, with a smile that included both the young men, as the little carriage drove away.

Dick stiffly declined a seat in Sir Robert's hansom, and set off by himself to walk through the sultry July night to Dover Street, where Lady Ingram had a furnished house for the season.

The young man's pulses were throbbing heavily still.

Some mad reluctant hope was stirring within him as he remembered the look of Ninon's wet blue eyes.

How she had smiled at him just now—just as she had often smiled at him in the first unclouded days of their friendship, when they had sat together in the lime-shaded alleys of the Avranches gardens, and leant together on the wall of the pretty terraced walk by the steps that led down to the fountain!

There was that waltz again!

An organ began to grind out the pretty plaintive refrain at the corner of a street; it carried him back to the little casino at Dinard, where, as he had danced with Ninon, the break of the waves below them had blended with the music of the band.

Had all that sweet bewildered time been a dream?

Was he awaking now in the crowded glittering London streets to find that it had passed away, that never in reality had he walked with her by the sea in pretty Dinard, never looked with her at the smiling plains of Normandy stretched out beneath them, never heard that drowsy tinkle of the horses' bells that day he drove from Pontorson, or smelled the apples ripening by the roadside?

CHAPTER II.

IT was in this way that Richard Strong's first introduction to Ninon Masserene was unexpectedly brought about.

"Behold, monsieur!"

The driver pointed ahead with his whip, and his solitary passenger, who was almost asleep, roused himself and leant forward in the little carriage to get his first glimpse of the Mont St. Michael, standing grim and dark and desolate in the midst of its flat gray wastes of sand, left bare by the low tide to the scorching July sun.

"Ah, yes, I see!" he murmured very drowsily.

He had been up since five o'clock that morning, and on his way had been compelled to spend three dreary hours in the little gray dead town of Dol, where, having studied the cathedral until he knew every pillar and gargoyle and buttress by heart, he had walked about the deserted blinding-hot streets, yawning and anathematising the interminable delays of the French railroad system, until it was time to start for Pontorson.

At that vivacious little station he had exchanged the stuffiness and weariness of his second-class carriage for the springless dignity of Madame Poulard's gig, and had started along the glaring white high-road that led between ripening corn-fields to the sandy dunes around the mount.

It was three o'clock; the road was all but deserted.

The driver was almost as sleepy as his passenger; his chin had dropped on his blue blouse, the reins hung loose in his great fist, and the horse plodded leisurely along through the thick white dust, hardly jangling his bells in the hot afternoon air.

A bare-legged girl, driving her geese before her with a long stick, stood still to stare at their drowsy progress, shading her eyes from the sun with her brown hand. The dust rose in dense clouds, almost obscuring the pleasant fields, where apple-trees stood shoulder-deep in the corn, where masses of poppies blazed against the green of the hemp, where colza was waving in a sea of yellow blossoms side by side with the coral stalks of the buckwheat and its milk-white flowers.

Some men and women were loading carts with the gray clayey matter which had been brought up from the sea-shore to dry for manure.

They called out a word of friendly remonstrance to sleepy Jean, who had nearly landed his absent passenger in the pond to which the goose-girl's flock were making their way.

"Has one ever seen the like?" they shouted, laughing all over their sunburnt faces. "Wake up, friend, before you take to the water with the other geese!"

Jean would have slumbered on in happy unconsciousness of this rustic sarcasm if the horse had not stopped, as he was accustomed to do six times a day, at a certain house where a bundle of mistletoe hanging from a nail above the door gave thirsty passers-by to understand that cider was to be had within.

Jean and his gentleman jumped from the crazy little gig together, and went in to refresh their dusty throats.

The horse philosophically fell to cropping such odds and ends of grass and buttercups as bordered the ditch close by.

It was getting hotter and hotter; the peasants who were carting the mud paused to wipe their foreheads and to look thirstily after Jean; an old woman going by with a goat had stuck a great green leaf under her white hat to shade her dim old eyes from the glare.

"Only a little quarter of an hour more, monsieur!" said Jean the driver in an encouraging tone to Dick as they climbed again into the dusty vehicle.

They drove on somewhat more briskly, leaving the greenness and the flowering fields farther and farther behind them, and entering upon the barren wastes through which the newly-constructed pike led across the sands, round the base of the great dark rock, and the houses clinging to it under the shadow of its crowning church, and so through the old arched gateway of the little town.

The gig rattled bumping over the uneven pavement of the one narrow street, and drew up at the small hotel, in front of which a few tourists were sitting at little tables and watching with languid interest each new arrival by the trains.

Dick was met by pretty Madame Poulard herself, and taken charge of at once by that charming Nivernaise in the half-maternal, half-coquettish fashion that renders her so irresistible to the fascinated traveller.

"Monsieur desires to leave early to-morrow?" she said, showing her white teeth in a winning smile.

"Then I engage him to visit the Abbey at once, as it is now about to be shown for the last time to-day.

"I will charge myself with monsieur's sac, and with the choice of his room. Monsieur may leave himself entirely in my hands."

A young lady was standing with her back to him at the door of the hotel, which opened in primitive fashion into the kitchen, where the husband of Madame Poulard was busy with preparations for the six-o'clock table and before Mr. Strong could answer his fair hostess, the young lady turned round from speaking to some one inside and fairly took away his breath.

She was a tall girl dressed in pale-buff foulard, and wearing a large coarse hat, such as the peasants wear in Avranches, which she had turned up behind in some most picturesque fashion above a splendid twist of blue-black hair.

Dick Strong had often read of beautiful women, and he had seen many who deserved to be called pretty; but such an apparition as this had never crossed his startled gaze before.

At sight of it Madame Poulard's modest brown prettiness faded into absolute nothingness.

He stood staring, in utter forgetfulness of good manners, until the young lady, perhaps feeling the constraining magnetism of his long gaze, carelessly turned her eyes and looked at him with an air of wistful preoccupation.

She had the most brilliant blue eyes imaginable; so much Dick saw before she looked away again and, taking up her foulard umbrella, slowly crossed the narrow street and began to climb the stone steps to the sunny ramparts.

"Who in the world can she be?" thought the young fellow, in considerable excitement.

"In all my life I never dreamt of any one half so lovely."

"Monsieur had better mount at once," urged Madame Poulard, coming out of the house again with pretty anxiety.

"Some of my ladies are about to visit the Abbey at the same time. It will be more gay than if monsieur went alone."

Some ladies!

Perhaps she would be of the party.

Dick gave a hasty thought to his dusty gray garments.

His curly fair hair was ruffled and standing on end; he had a trick of running his fingers through it when he was excited.

His honest gray eyes were alight.

He was making a rush into the hotel in search of a clothes-brush, when he all but plumped into the arms of a lady who was coming out, carrying her fan and her Murray, and who burst into a good-tempered laugh as Dick pulled off his straw hat and stammered out a hurried apology.

"Dick!" she said, putting out a hand. "What in the world brings you to these parts?"

"Lady Ingram!" cried the young man, no less surprised.

"Quite a dramatic situation, isn't it?" the lady went on, laughing again at the boy's eager face.

"If you will pick up my Murray, you may come and help me to climb those interminable stairs to the Abbey, and I will introduce you to Ninon."

"To Ninon!" gasped Dick, a sudden bewildering conviction seized him that Ninon was the lovely apparition with the black hair and blue eyes.

"Yes, she has gone on, I see; that is her umbrella up there. By-the-way, how very nice! You and she are cousins—of course you are! Ninon is my cousin, and you are my cousin—we are all cousins; we shall be quite a family party."

"Is it possible?" Dick gasped again. "Can it really be possible that that young lady in the broad hat is my cousin?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Life's Shadow.

BY T. CAMPBELL.

"WHATEVER on earth you can see to admire is beyond me," Dr. Ogden said emphatically.

"I did think, Carroll, you were made of different stuff from the ordinary run of young men, but it appears you are as big an idiot as the rest of them."

And, looking with Dr. Ogden's eyes—indeed, with almost anybody's eyes—it did seem as if young Carroll Eyting had done a very foolish thing in determinedly falling in love with a girl who was only pretty and fascinating, but—poor and obscure—and that, too, when, as the heir and prime favorite of his rich old bachelor uncle, Carroll might have married in his own rank and society.

But, Jessie Morrison was so pretty, it was hardly to be wondered at, when you looked at the question from the lover's side.

So pretty, with a fair dewy complexion, all cream-and-roses, great, melting black eyes and hair, and a mouth smiling, and fragrant, and saucy, and a figure like a Hebe's.

"It's too bad, too bad," Dr. Ogden went on, half-scalding himself with hot coffee for supper—a breach of good judgment he would have roundly berated in a patient—"too bad for anything!

"I did think it would all come to an end, but here you come and tell me you are up-and-down engaged to her—your prospects ruined, your future marred."

Carroll laughed pleasantly.

"Hardly as bad as that, uncle John, I hope.

"My engagement to Jessie promises to be a long one, for I have no idea of marrying until I am definitely settled for my life business."

"Ruined and blighted, I tell you," Dr. Ogden repeated emphatically.

"She not the style of girl to make a good wife—she's selfish, and vain, and lazy—crimps her hair and fools with her toilets, at the expense of your shirt buttons——"

"But, uncle John," Carroll interrupted solemnly, a merry twinkle in his blue eyes, "you forget shirt buttons are not worn now.

"Button-holes and studs——"

"The invention of the demon for shiftless women and careless laundresses," Dr. Ogden growled.

"But that's neither here nor there.

"It's the principle of the thing that I am after, although I might argue till I was dumb before I could convince you that you were running your head against a post."

"Yes, I think it would take that long and longer," Carroll answered.

"I am sorry that you look upon Jessie as you do, uncle John, but I think, when you know her better, you will change your mind."

"Never!

"I haven't lived sixty-seven years, and half of them right in people's families, not to know the genuine article when I see it!

"And I tell you, my boy, Jessie Morrison hasn't the ring of the true metal about her—never had, never will have; it ain't in her."

And then Carroll bit his moustache—a sure sign that his usually placid temper was rising.

"We will not discuss the subject further, uncle John," he said, with a quiet manly dignity that Doctor Ogden felt bound to respect.

"Uncle John is terribly unreasonable, and utterly wrong," Carroll said to himself.

"The boy is making a consummate fool of himself," uncle John thought regretfully.

And for a long month Jessie's name was never mentioned between them.

It was at the end of that period of silence, one cold, dull January day, when there was snow in the air, and Dr. Ogden was driving rapidly through a shabby back street, when a woman ran out from a wretched little house and hailed him, holding her little blanket shawl tightly over her unkempt hair as she stood in the penetrating air.

"I have been watching for you the last hour, doctor.

"There's a bad case in the house—an old woman, and a stranger.

"You must come in and see her, doctor."

It was a "bad case,"—Dr. Ogden discovered that before he had been five minutes in the dull, comfortless little bedroom where the patient lay.

"It's a bad case," he said to her, in his bluff, honest way, "but there's no reason why we won't pull you through.

"Small-pox, I suppose some people would call it, varioloid I say.

"But you aren't going to die, mind you, madam.

"You're a stranger here, Mrs. Jones tells me.

"What's your name?"

"I'm a stranger, sir, and I would have stayed where I was if I'd dreamed I was going to be such a dreadful trouble.

"Small-pox, yes, my daughter told me she knew it was small-pox.

"My name's Morrison, doctor, and I'm from Brighton on a visit to my daughter, whom I haven't seen for five years, but she was afraid——"

"Morrison!" Dr. Ogden repeated, a curious little snap in his voice.

"I've heard the name before.

"So your daughter wouldn't have you at her home, eh?"

"You couldn't hardly blame her—Jessie's young, pretty, and gay, and girls is thoughtless, you know.

"Maybe you know her—Jessie Morrison, sir, in Howling & Donaldson's dry goods' store?"

Dr. Ogden's eyes twinkled oddly as he buttoned up his overcoat.

"I've heard of her," he said.

"And you haven't seen her for five years?"

"Not until a couple of days ago, sir.

"You see, I can't get away—being in service—very often, but I'd heard Jessie was going to be married to as fine a young gentleman as there was in the world, and I craved so to see her and talk it over with her.

"She always was high-minded, ambitious, Jessie was, and I wasn't surprised when I heard it; and, of course, I couldn't blame her for not letting me stay with her a few days, when she found I was ill with such symptoms."

"Well, I don't agree with you," he answered.

"You daughter was bound to take care of you; you wouldn't have turned her out of your home if she had brought a pestilence with her.

"I don't admire your daughter over and above, madam—a girl who would allow her old mother to live out at service, while she is earning fair wages and dresses as fine as your daughter does——"

"Then you've seen her doctor?

"You know how pretty and stylish she is.

"I don't mind it a bit, and Mrs. Jones isn't afraid of the disease, for she's had it, and her husband, too.

"I've got a few dollars saved up, and I'll give it to her.

"I was going to buy Jessie a coral pin she wants so bad, but she'll have to go without it now."

"What a terrible pity," Dr. Ogden said sarcastically.

"Now, Mrs. Morrison, I want you to take your medicine regularly, and follow every direction I give you, and in a little while you'll be all right."

And then Dr. Ogden bustled away to change his clothes and fumigate his hair and whiskers before he went home.

At luncheon that day, Carroll Eyting looked gloomy and depressed, and before the meal was over he broke the "month's silence."

"I dare say you will object, uncle John, but I would be thankful if you'd go and see Jessie.

"She's half ill, and dreadfully nervous, having been exposed to small-pox—a miserable begging creature from the city forced herself upon her a day or so, ago who at the time was sickening from the scourge herself.

"It is shameful, positively shameful that there is such laxity in our health laws as to——"

Dr. Ogden interrupted the indignant speech coolly.

"There are things more shameful, my boy.

"See here, Carroll—if I was to get the small-pox would you kick me out, send me to the hospital?

"What would you do?"

Carroll looked questioningly.

"Kick you out!

"Send you to the hospital!

"Why uncle John, you don't think me capable of——"

"That's enough.

"Of course you wouldn't.

"So you're afraid Miss Morrison's coming down with the small-pox, are you?

"I don't suppose you'd marry her if she turns out pock-marked and scanty-haired, and——"

"I'd marry her no matter how her beauty was spoiled!

"I loved Jessie, not her face," Carroll said hotly.

"Then, if her beauty of character was spoiled, her womanhood tarnished by a mean, despicable deed, you'd give her up?"

Carroll flushed.

"I would—but it is an impossibility.

"Will you go and see her, uncle John—as my betrothed wife?"

And then Dr. Ogden laid down his napkin, and stood up, and looked solemnly at Carroll."

"My boy, when I tell you that this morning I was called to see the 'miserable beggar from the city who forced herself' upon Miss Jessie Morrison, and learned from her own lips that she was the girl's own mother, inhumanly driven away—perhaps to her death—by reason of fear and mortification, I do not think you will ask me to visit Jessie Morrison as your 'betrothed wife.'"

Carroll had sprung to his feet during Dr. Ogden's words, a paleness on his face, an excitement in his manner, born of the very conviction in Dr. Ogden's words and mien.

"Uncle John!

"It is impossible—impossible!" he cried hoarsely.

But before twenty-four hours had passed he knew it was not only possible but true.

"You were right, uncle John," he said sadly, "the girl I loved was spurious metal.

"She was not worthy to be your niece."

And when Dr. Ogden shook him sympathizingly by the hand, he did not as much as say—

"I told you so!"

Jessie Morrison did not have the small-pox, but she lost her lover, just as she richly deserved to lose him, and she will repent bitterly her inhumanity as long as she lives.

Old Mrs Morrison recovered in Heaven's providence, and under Dr. Ogden's skilled care—but it was not to return to the hard work of years, for touched with deep pity, Dr. Ogden and Carroll secured her a position as matron in a children's asylum where her life is declining peacefully amid congenial, well-performed duties.

And Carroll Eyting will never marry, to Dr. Ogden's secret delight—yet a delight strangely mingled with regret at the young fellow's quiet sadness, and indignation that such a girl could have shadowed so noble a life.

MONKEYS AT FREEDOM.—The manners and customs of monkeys are too commonly judged from those of their kind retained in confinement. Monkeys are born in almost as helpless a condition as are human beings. For the first fortnight after birth, they pass their time in being nursed, in sleeping, and looking about them. When about six weeks old, the baby begins to need more substantial nutriment than milk and is taught to provide for itself. Its powers are speedily developed; and in a few weeks its agility is most surprising. The mother's fondness for her offspring continues; she devotes all her care to its comfort and education; and should it meet with an untimely end, her grief is so intense as frequently to cause her own death. The young ones are seen to sport and gambol with one another in the presence of their mother, who sits ready to give judgment and punish misdemeanors. When any one is found guilty of foul-play or malicious conduct towards another of the family, the parent interferes by seizing the young criminal by the tail, which she holds fast with one of her paws till she boxes his ears with the other. Their parental affection for their young offspring is shown by teaching them to select food, to exert themselves in jumping from bough to bough, and then in taking more extensive leaps from tree to tree; encouraging them by caresses when timorous, and menacing and even beating them when refractory. Knowing by instinct the malignity of the snakes, they are most vigilant in their destruction; they seize them when asleep by the neck, and running to the nearest flat stone, grind the head by a strong friction on the surface, frequently looking at it and grinning at their progress. When convinced that the venemous fangs are destroyed, they toss the reptile to their young to play with. In the case of the approach of human enemies, an alarm is given by one of the tribe that danger is at hand. In an instant the youngster springs on to its mother's body, and grasps it with such tenacity, that no jerk can possibly loosen its hold. According to numerous accounts, the larger species of monkeys, in their native forests, construct huts for themselves and families nearly similar in form to those of certain Africans; or else they take possession of those abandoned by the natives. They also make beds of leaves; but according to some accounts, these are only for the females and young, and most of the time the males sleep outside. It is asserted that these African monkeys maintain among themselves a republican form of government, in which the strictest order and subordination are enforced. When they travel from place to place, they are under the command of particular chieftains which are always the oldest and most powerful of the tribe, and maintain a severe kind of discipline upon the march. When they are engaged upon any very daring raid, monkeys place sentinels upon the neighboring trees and heights, to give them timely warning of approaching danger; and should they be surprised through any fault of these sentinels, the luckless individual is either severely punished, or in some cases, it is declared, is put to death for his neglect of the public safety. According to some accounts, these raiders will form a long chain, extending from the field or garden they are plundering, towards their own place of abode; and toss the fruits of their robbery from one to the other, till collected together, and deposited in a place of safety. By this co-operative system they are enabled to carry off a much larger booty than they could if each one only took sufficient for himself. When leaving the scene of their plunder, however, each takes off with him as much as he can carry. Fruit and eggs are their chief food; in a state of nature, it is believed, they will not touch the flesh of warm-blooded animals; nor in a state of captivity, unless cooked.

EPITAPH ON A WESTERN HOTEL.—"Peace to its hashes. Requiescent its soup-bones in the swill-barrel under the dining-room window. Green grow the ghastly celery and the cork-lined radish above its grave. Burn evermore on the shrine of its fragrant memory the non-illuminating kerosene that pallied the bedroom with its flickering gloom. And may its fame endure, even as the fadeless pound-cake and the galvanized porter-house steak."

Bric-a-Brac.

HARLEQUIN.—The prototypes of the modern pantomime are in the pagan mysteries. Harlequin is Mercury, the light lath sword is the Caduceus, or the sword of the god.

THE TREE OF THE CROSS.—According to a modern Greek legend all the trees except the holm oak decided not to lend their wood to the crucifixion, and when they were tried broke to pieces. Of the holm oak the cross was made, and the tree is accursed.

ABSTRACTION.—Lambert the famous geometrician, possessed such a power of abstracting his mind from what was passing around him, that he wrote many of his most luminous papers on mathematics and optics in the corner of a thickly-frequented, noisy and bustling coffee-house.

FUNERAL HONORS.—Du Guesclin, constable of France, died in the midst of his triumphs, before Chateauneuf de Randon, in 1380. The English garrison, which had conditioned to surrender at a certain time, marched out the day after his death, and the commander respectfully laid the keys of the fortress on the bier, so that it might appear to have surrendered to his ashes.

BOYS AND GIRLS.—An old story says: The Queen of Sheba, once visited Solomon, for she was as wise a woman as he was a man. She brought with her fifty boys and fifty girls, all dressed in boy's apparel, for King Solomon to tell which were boys and which were girls. The king sent for water for them to wash. The girls washed to the elbows and the boys to the wrist; so King Solomon told by that.

ENGLISH ADVERTISEMENTS.—A late issue of the London Post has the following queer advertisements: Political Candidate Wanted.—Any gentleman of means wishing to enter Parliament and of moderate Liberal views can hear of an opportunity by addressing in strict confidence, F. F. &c. A lady hopes some charitable person will buy 70,000 stamps collected by a poor invalid girl. Address A. Z., &c.

THE ARAB'S CARPET.—It is not easy for one who has never been in the East to realize what an important position the carpet fills there. To an Arab his mat is his most treasured possession. Without one he is a pauper. It is necessary to his devotions, it is often his bed, sometimes his saddle, and, generally, the only decoration of his tent. This has been the case for centuries, and over a vast extent of territory. * * * The prices given in ancient times would now be thought extravagant, even by the collector, who will offer thousands of pounds for a painting a few inches square. A million of money is said to have been paid by a former Guikwar of Baroda for a cover for the Prophet's tomb, and though the greater part of this sum represented the jewels interwoven, still about $150,000 remained as the value of the ground-work. Major Smith mentions that he saw at Kerman a carpet being made for the shrine of Mashad which was to cost at the rate of $35 the square yard. It was 11 yards long by 2½ broad, and would take two years to make. This means a still larger price when labor becomes more valuable, which it must do even in Eastern countries.

ROUGE.—"When George the Third was King" it was much more an offence for a woman to appear without rouge than it now is to be seen with it. Young girls were not allowed to wear it, however, and the saying arose, "She is marrying to wear rouge and diamonds." It was supposed that gold had the property of attracting the blood to any spot on which it might be rubbed, and girls used to rub their lips and cheeks with sovereigns. Of all rouges now in use the one said to be the best is made by dissolving a quarter of an ounce of finest carmine in half an ounce of liquid ammonia, and adding, after two days, a pint of rosewater and half an ounce of triple essence of roses. A new rouge is perfectly white when applied, but the pale girl has not been half an hour in the open air before her cavalier is delighted to perceive that a rich, healthy glow is overspreading her cheek, and he is rather inclined to think that his conversational powers are partly responsible for the improvement. The preparation must be carefully used, as it is not easy to judge of the effect until it changes color. All rouges injure the skin in time, particularly those in which mercury is an ingredient.

ENGLISH SURNAMES.—In England the surnames derived from trades or occupations are more numerous than those of any other class, except patronymics and place-names. Some of them belong to existing trades, or at least obsolete trade terminology like the Fletchers, or arrow-makers, the Arblasters, who manufactured cross-bows or arblasts (arcubalistæ), and the Tuckers, who worked in the tucking mills, where cloth was prepared for market. A man who bakes is called a Baker; but in earlier times a woman who baked was called a Bakester, or Baxter. So a man who brews is a Brewer, while a woman who brews is a Brewster. In mediæval English the termination 'ster' was a feminine one; and it still survives with its primitive signification in spinster. A huckster was originally a marketwoman, but the word has now come to mean anybody, male or female, who hawks about goods in the public streets. The same change has come over maltster, throwster, and many other analogous words. But sundry surnames will show us the two forms side by side, as in Webber and Webster. Hence we may conclude that the ancestor of all the Baxters was a woman who kept a bakehouse. Why her descendants should take their name from her rather than from their father, is easy enough to understand on a number of natural hypotheses.

THE BEAUTIFUL.

BY I. D. K.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful,
  By the wayside let them fall,
That the rose may spring by the cottage gate
  And the vine on the garden wall;
Cover the rough and rude of earth
  With a veil of leaves and flowers,
And mark with the opening bud and cup
  The march of the summer hours.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful
  In the holy shrine of home;
Let the pure, and the fair, and the beautiful there
  In the loveliest lustre come.
Leave not a trace of deformity
  In the temple of the heart,
But gather about its hearth the gems
  Of nature and of art.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful
  In the depths of the human soul:
They shall bud, and blossom, and bear the fruit
  While the endless ages roll:
Paint with the flowers of charity
  The portals of the tomb,
And the fair and the pure about thy path
  In Paradise shall bloom!

RED RIDING-HOOD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL; OR, THE MYSTERY OF ST. EGLON," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXII.—[CONTINUED.]

"I WOULD sooner not hear it," said Mrs. Blake, catching her breath to hold back a sob; "I can guess well enough without hearing.

"I know what Emily is; she was always clever at book-learning, and clever at anything except goodness—that she could never learn.

"She was pretty to look at, like a wasp, but she wasn't good to touch.

"No man ever cared for her that he wasn't stung somehow; he fell into evil ways, or he died, or he 'listed for a soldier, or something bad.

"And so, Gregory, I know you didn't escape more'n the rest.

"And—and I want to say I'm sorry—and—and you're just the same to me as ever, no matter what it was."

Her hand was on his shoulder again, and he did not push it off this time.

In the unemotional coarse life of such a man it was much to suffer a softening touch, but it had soothed him to hear spoken by the voice of another the excuses which he had so often uttered to himself.

"Well, well, Harrie, girl, let the past lie—that's what I say.

"And so the ten thousand dollars must do for the sake of quiet."

"No; that's just what I'm coming to," said Mrs. Blake.

"When your cousin died, a gentleman came and took her granddaughter away.

"Well, and that gentleman, though you didn't know it then, was Lord Enderby."

"And what then?" asked Gregory impatiently.

"Why, folks say he's in love with the girl."

"He isn't likely to help me for that," said her husband.

"I gave 'un a few hard speeches, and her too.

"I didn't know he was a lord."

"Well, you know it now; and, when you are in London, go to him and tell him that you are going to give the girl ten thousand dollars because she wants it and because you think it fair; and then you'll see that he won't let that be your loss if he means to make her Lady Enderby."

Gregory Blake mused over these words, but could not see much hope in them; nevertheless he promised his wife that he would try his luck, as he expressed it, with the lord.

In another hour he was on his way to London.

Lady Brentwyche awaited him with impatience.

She was in a hurry to get Grace out of England before Lord Enderby returned to it.

She had cheated Prue, and delayed the telegram recalling him by some hours; she knew, therefore, that he would miss the steamer, and she had a whole day and night before her in which to act.

Meanwhile, Lady Anne, unmindful of her promise, went to Grace's poor lodgings and spent many hours with her.

They talked much, and yet there was a reticence on the part of each that neither could help.

Lady Anne strove to hide from Grace the hopeless love she had so long cherished, and Grace, on her side, being the more self-possessed of the two, effectually hid from Anne the sacrifice she had made to rescue little Alan.

Little Anne was faithful to her trust.

She gave Lord Enderby's message, she gave the kiss, and there was a brighter color on her pleasant face, a more trembling quiver on her lips than on Grace's when she kissed her in return.

Grace, in having the deeper nature had also the greater calm; having once resolved, she could be firm to her purpose without wavering, without that wistful, painful regret which weaker spirits feel.

There was even a kind of joy in the sacrifice she was making.

When the time came for her to sing, she would sing the better through the knowledge that by this she had purchased little Alan's life and freedom, or, if he died, she had bought for his father the little sad comfort of closing his dear eyes in peace.

No, there was no regret, no repining, no ungenerous sorrow for herself in Grace's heart, as she sat and listened to Anne's expostulations, and answered them all with quiet firmness.

"And are you really bent on going on the stage," said Anne, "when you know that it will make a barrier between you and Alan, when you know it will vex him to the heart?"

"If that were the only barrier," replied Grace, "we should reckon it but a cobweb—a worldly cobweb.

"One word of love would sweep it away."

Anne blushed a little, and then felt ashamed that the word "love" from Grace's lips had vexed her.

"There are other reasons," continued Grace, pausing a moment, for her voice shook—"other reasons why Lord Enderby must forget me, or strive to think of me only as the poor girl he succored, the little Red Riding-hood he was kind to when the grandmother cast her upon the world."

She tried to speak playfully, smilingly, in something of the tone used at Caernorran, when Alan Fitzurse jested in his old way, giving her that name and making her and himself parts of a fairy tale; but her heart was not strong enough to take her back in memory to that dear time and bear her calmly through it.

Her voice broke suddenly and her tears fell fast.

Anne was silent, and waited a little till she was calmer; then she said, in a grave tone:

"I think I know what you mean.

"Alan said, when Ada died, that he would never marry again; he would never doom another woman to her fate."

Grace did not say what she felt, that she would gladly marry her lover only to have the right to die in his arms; she did not say it was of his life, not her own, that she thought in parting her fate from his.

As she listened now to Lady Anne's words, some of the old fear fell upon her that had overcome her courage in the pass when Delgado's dread whisper touched her ear.

She used now his very words.

"How did Lady Enderby die?"

"She died of terror," answered Anne.

"She and Alan were shot at twice.

"The first time the bullet whistled over their heads; the second time it entered her arm, and the shock and terror killed her.

"An hour before she had lived in an atmosphere of dread which had told upon her nerves and shaken her health; she was in such a state at last that the sight of a letter brought on fainting fits.

"They had had so many threatening letters, they lived amidst a shower of them.

"Her little boy was born about an hour before she died, and I think Alan has never forgiven himself her death."

"Could he help it?" asked Grace.

"He should not reproach himself for a sorrow he could not help."

There was a jealous wistfulness in her voice, she remembered the shadow on his face when, beneath the trees, he had first spoken of his wife, and he had said, "She is dead, child."

Then she had carried his hand to her warm cheek and pressed it there; and she recollected now with a little glow of joy that, looking down into her face, he had smiled.

And it was after this—soon after this—he had called her "Red Riding-hood."

"He could not help her death," said Lady Anne.

"She was an Irishwoman; it was she who persisted in living in Ireland; he would have left it if he could have gained her consent to go.

"But there was a strong vein of obstinacy in Ada; it was the one sad defect in her character.

"Her marriage and her death both resulted from the self-will that was her great fault.

"It was for giving away to this that Alan blamed himself."

"May you tell me all the story?" asked Grace.

"Would it vex Lord Enderby if I heard it?"

"I think not; I fancy he would like you to hear it—and yet he would never tell it himself, because"—Anne blushed a little, and then went on—"because he would never say a word in his own praise.

"You have heard that my home was with my uncle, Lord Brentwyche, after my mother died, and my cousin Ada and I were like sisters.

"She was an only child and much indulged.

"She had never felt any disappointment, never experienced any real sorrow through her happy life till her father married again.

"I was frightened at her grief then, so was her father, when he came home from his honeymoon and saw the change in her.

"She was not fitted for trouble, she was never strong.

"However, uncle was so good and kind, so tender with her, and aunt was so gracious and smooth, that she grew reconciled to her, though there was always a little lurking war between them.

"I think that was why aunt liked me best.

"Well, we went over to Paris, and there we met a gentleman with whom aunt had been acquainted at St. Petersburg.

"He was very young at that time, and quite poor; but he was well connected, and, through the strange fatality that had befallen the family of his cousin, causing the deaths of three people in less than two hours, he was now Earl of Enderby.

"It was a great change for him, and I noticed that he was not so happy as the world supposed him to be.

"I must tell you that, although he was a stranger to Ada and my uncle, he was quite an old friend of mine.

"His mother lived near my father's place in the Highlands, so we had met often as boy and girl, and I liked him very much."

If Lady Anne hesitated a little in saying this, it was only for an instant.

Honest and frank and generous, she was resolved to have no concealments with Grace, whose rare, gentle nature had touched her to the heart.

She went on now with color a little heightened, with speech a little quickened, and yet with brave calmness in every word.

"I must hurry over a year in our lives.

"We traveled through Italy and Switzerland; Lord Enderby was with us often.

"When we returned home to Ireland, aunty asked him to visit us.

"I think she fancied——"

Anne stopped, and a soft tinge of color flew over her face, making it lovely for a moment.

Grace came to her side and knelt down; and, taking her hand, she drew Anne's flushed face down to hers and kissed it.

The eyes of both girls were a little dim, their lips trembled, but there was no jealousy between them, no breath of an evil thought to mar the kindness which each felt for the other.

"I can guess what she fancied," Grace said quietly.

"But it was not true, Grace," returned Anne bravely.

"He was ever frankly my friend, as he is now, and he never had a thought of me in any other way.

"I can see now that he came to us because there was some tie between him and aunty; some link connected with his early years, about which they used to talk.

"People had said of him once that he had joined a secret society, and had been a wild enthusiast in politics.

"I fear that was true."

"Do not speak of it," said Grace, in a low voice.

"Tell me of other things."

"Well, he came to Ireland, first visiting his own place, and then coming to us at Castle Brentwyche.

"One day, in our park, he was shot at, and then the truth came out about Ada.

"He was not hurt, he was not touched even, but she fainted away, and when she recovered she spoke passionate words, which told us that she had given her love unasked to Lord Enderby.

"Now when I tell you the rest, you must bear in mind her fragile health and her father's great love for her and the terror she had caused him by her illness and grief at his marriage.

"He could not bear the thought of grief falling on her again.

"He spoke to Lord Enderby; and then I think it was that he showed my uncle many of the dreadful letters he had received threatening him with death, and his wife too, if he married.

"Ada was told of them and shown many of them; but she was too high-spirited, too self-willed, to let such shadows, as she called them, deter her from taking her own road.

"Such threats were not worthy of notice, she said, and the police would put such people down.

"Were there not laws against such crimes?

"My aunt got very angry.

"For a time there was dissension and trouble among us all.

"I had to smooth things down—I had to tell my aunt that there was no bitterness, no disappointment in my heart.

"But there was a little; only knowing that the fault was my own, and I had no right to grieve, I soon conquered it.

"You can guess the rest.

"Ada had her way.

"She was married, and Alan strove to make her happy; but he had taken her for pity, not for love; and all his kindness could but gloss over the truth—it could not hide it.

"She grew bitter and angry and more self-willed than ever.

"I was grieved for them both, and did what I could for Ada; but it was all useless.

"She found cause for discontent in all things.

"She would not leave Ireland, though she lived in an atmosphere of terror, amid a shower of threats.

"Once, when Alan insisted on taking her away, she called him coward, and he yielded to her and stayed.

"They had been married only a year when the threatened shot came that killed her.

"Poor Ada, her fragile life was but too easily taken; it was not the wound, but the terror of it and the continued anguish of fear she had undergone so long that made it fatal.

"All the country was indignant at her cruel death, but the man who fired the fatal shot was never discovered.

"No one believed that the bullet was meant for her; people declared that it was for the landlord, not for his wife.

"Fenians do not shoot women, the papers said; yet, I fear they are mistaken.

"I had one consolation in this sad marriage.

"My uncle died, thinking he had made his daughter happy.

"There, Grace, I have told you the story; you cannot wonder if it has shadowed Alan's life."

Grace was silent a little while; her thoughts went down to Caernorran, to the first evening of their meeting in the leaf-shaded road, when he had spoken of his wife, and his voice had changed and his face grown dark with care.

She had held her hand to her cheek then, and in her child-heart she had longed to comfort him.

She had no comfort to give now—she, the Nihilist's daughter, the child of the man whose hand would be lifted against his life should fate ever lead forth the Nihilist from his dark and dreadful prison.

What she could do for him she had done, in giving him back his child; and now there remained for her only to fulfil her compact—to pay the ransom she had promised, and give her life and her work where both were due.

"You are very silent, Grace," Anne said.

"I was thinking how sad Lord Enderby used to be at times, when I first knew him, before I understood all the causes he had for sorrow.

"And sometimes I feared I was the cause of grief to him."

"But you know now, Grace, why he wavered," said Anne eagerly.

"You know it was from generous fear for you, and not at all from worldly motives.

"I cannot give you the message—I have rehearsed all his tender words; I cannot give you the tender tone, the sorrow, the love with which he spoke—you must guess at these."

"You have been a faithful messenger," said Grace.

"Tell him I said so, and tell him also that, if I leave him, I do not forsake him.

"I go because I love him; if I did not love him so well, I would stay and be his wife; but I cannot be so cruel.

"Oh, I dare not, I dare not!"

"What is there to fear?" asked Anne.

"Surely you do not think Ada's fate would overtake you?"

"If that was all I feared, I would not leave England to-night," said Grace, a sad sweet smile parting her lips.

"I would wait here with you for his coming, and give him back loving word for loving word and kiss for kiss.

"I think, with his arms around me, I should not much fear death."

She smiled again, and, bending down her face, she pressed her lips upon the ring she wore and held them there in a long kiss.

"Tell him," she said, when she lifted her tear-stained face—"tell him I shall always wear his ring till I see him again—till that happier day we must hope for, when he will give me the pearls in exchange."

"Then you give him hope, Grace," said Anne gladly, "though you leave him probably forever."

"Oh, how can I yield up all hope?" Grace answered.

"How can I help trusting that these dreadful times may change, and the future bring us some comfort?"

"I shall tell him all you say, or write it, if aunt persists in going to Nice before he returns.

"Grace, I have a packet for you, and I had forgotten it."

Anne blushed as she laid a roulean of gold and notes on the table, given her some days before by Lord Enderby.

"It is the rest of the price of your pearls," she said.

"You know aunt gave you only two hundred and fifty dollars at Caernorran."

"She told me that was all they were worth," Grace answered, pushing back the money.

"But she has found out since that they were worth much more; so you must take their value," persisted Anne, "and keep the money yourself; you cannot tell how glad you may be to have it.

"You may not find your cousin, Mr. Blake, so kind as aunt supposes.

"He goes with you on this journey, so she tells me."

"Yes, I preferred him to Mr. Delgado.

"It was proposed at first that he should go with me and Molly, but I would not consent to that."

"You did quite right.

"And, Grace, I fear I must go now."

Grace arose; she was trembling slightly.

She put both her hands on Anne's shoulders, and the two girls stood thus very close face to face.

The large gray eyes were full of music and of genius that looked into Anne's honest blue orbs, and both gathered tears as they both looked.

"We are friends," said Anne—"true friends; and you will write to me?"

"If I am permitted, I will," returned Grace.

"I have to obey my guardian; so, if I am silent, you will know the reason."

They still stood close together, each with something in her heart which she scarcely dared to speak.

Grace had the greater courage; she stooped suddenly and kissed Anne, and held her in a close embrace.

Then words in a soft whisper touched Anne's ear.

"Anne, you love him dearly, and, if—if death should step between him and me, you will comfort him, and in happier days to come you will be his wife?

"Promise me this now, lest you and I should see each other no more."

"It is impossible—it can never happen; but, if it should, then I promise," said Anne brokenly, incoherently; and, falling upon Grace's neck, she wept a few gentle, quiet tears.

"I wanted to ask you," she said in broken words, "to forgive me—me and aunty, if it is she who is secretly causing you grief—if it is her fault that you are obliged now to accept this cousin as your guardian."

"It is my own doing," Grace returned softly.

"Do not grieve for me or think of me too often."

Then they parted sadly; and before the

sun set that evening Grace had quitted London.

Her departure was well timed.

Lord Enderby came to Pilgrim Terrace early the next day, immediately after his interview with the Russian.

"Yes, the beautiful young lady is gone," said Mrs. Kirkman.

"It was a pity she ever runned away from him.

"But there—young people will be young.

"Where is she gone, did you say, sir?

"That's more than I can tell.

"They was uncommon close; and, after all I've gone through of late, I was only too glad to ask no questions and have my house quiet like to myself."

When Lord Enderby returned home, he found letters awaiting him from Anne and Lady Brentwyche.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

LADY BRENTWYCHE'S letter to Lord Enderby was filled with those half truths which are said to be worse than a lie.

She explained that Grace had astonished her friends at Madame Delgado's by a visit.

She had pleaded well; she had appealed to their reverence for her father, their pity for his sufferings, their desire to show a kindness to his daughter, and finally she had won the Committee by a song.

But she had won at the cost of a promise.

She was to quit England without seeing Lord Enderby again; on this condition the child was restored.

Grace herself was not unwilling to go, for she was bent on a musical career, and, as Gregory Blake's conscience was touched and he had come forward with funds, she had accepted his aid and guardianship, and was going to Italy to prosecute her musical studies.

"Except in our unexpected meeting at Madame Delgado's," she added, "I have not seen her. I have refrained from another interview or from asking for her future address, because I knew you would suspect me of evil. Anne saw her; perhaps she can tell you more."

All this read plausibly; but Lord Enderby would not have believed it but for Lady Anne's account, which seemed to corroborate much of this statement.

She detailed her interview with Grace; she gave her tender message, her hopeful words, her promise of unshaken faithfulness.

Nothing was held back except the promise which Grace had wrung from Anne herself.

The whole letter was so true, so full, so minute in its details, that Lord Enderby could not resist the consolation and the hope it gave, nor the conviction that Grace was firm in her purpose to be a musician, and had not accepted her rough cousin's aid unwillingly.

And, if she had withheld the name of her future abode from Anne, it could not have been because she was ignorant herself of the place which would be decided on as the best for her studies.

Doubtless she would write soon to Anne or himself.

So he waited and hoped.

And meantime death came slowly upon the little life he loved so well.

When Sorrow holds Time's glass, the sands run down heavily, and each day falls like a weight upon the heart.

Like the Israelites of old in their capacity, we say at nightfall, "Would that it was morning!" and, when the light comes, we sigh for darkness.

In vain the prayers, in vain the watching, in vain the faint sick hope that rose and fell every day.

Little Alan died.

And there was only the consolation that death had come upon him gently while he slept.

It was only when the tiny hand grew cold which his father held that he knew his innocent spirit had departed.

Lord Enderby looked down upon the white angel face and kissed it without a tear.

His heart was heavy exceedingly; grief with him had no words, no tears, no relief.

One sole comfort he had.

For his boy's sake, to sit by his sick-bed, to watch his pale patient face, to listen to his innocent prayers, his loving words, he had given up the dearest wish of his heart.

His impatience quenched, his fever of love repressed, he had borne the heavy load, and never relaxed his watch.

Patient as a mother, loving as father could be, his was the hand to smooth the pillow, his the voice to soothe and cheer; and a thousand times he was rewarded by the gentle thanks, the tender kiss, the little arms wound about his neck, and the wistful smile, the eyes looking grateful love when the pale lips could speak no more.

"And Grace has bought all this for me," Lord Enderby said often to himself, as he looked down upon the pretty white face that always greeted him with a loving smile.

And when the tiny hand was held out to welcome him if he had been a little while away, he always renewed his thanks to Grace.

But for her, where would this little sufferer be now?

Who would be tending him?

Under whose cruel hands would he die?

Yes, it was a great, a precious boon that Grace had purchased for him, a blessing ever to be remembered—the right to see his child die, the memory of his last words, his pretty tender prattle, his childish hymns softly sung, his simple prayers softly murmured, with now and then a tear trickling down the little white cheeks.

All these would be sacred recollections shrined in his heart while life lasted.

And reverse the picture; let him suppose for a moment, with a cold shudder, that Grace had not saved his child, and he had died far away in some den of cruelty, untended, unwatched, unloved, hardly dealt with.

The thought was too horrible.

He always turned away from in his very arms, close to his touch, his little wan face beneath his eyes, his loving speech in his ears.

Oh, it was comfort unspeakable, it was consolation not to be told, it was a blessing beyond the bounds of human language to utter!

And Grace had given him all this.

What she had paid for it he could not guess, but he would accept the full blessing she had bought.

He would not leave his child till Heaven took him.

Grace would wish it so; she would feel and understand that, while he watched the fading of this cherished life that she had purchased, his love for her was taking stronger root within his soul, and, like a plant upon a grave watered by tears, it was growing sacred.

It was the strange irony of fate that, at a far-away Italian town on the day that little Alan was buried, Grace won her first success, and gave its first-fruits in payment to Pietro Delgado.

* * * * * *

"I could not see that lord you told me of," wrote Gregory Blake to his wife.

"He wasn't in London, and I was hurried off like cattle going to fair.

"Howsomever, I'm uncommon amused here in foreign parts, and I don't think I shall lose my money in the end.

"Singing, I do think, it a better speculation than farming.

"You never heard such cheering and hand-clapping as we had here last night when the maid sang afore a 'selected company,' as they called 'em—all fiddlers and musicians of some sort or other.

"And not one of 'em could come anigh her either singing or fiddling.

"When she'd done, I'm blessed if some of 'em didn't rush up and kiss me and in their foreign lingo they kept on saying they was proud to embrace her cousin.

"Well, she ain't a bad sort when you come to know her; she've got some money of her own, and she never let's me pay for anything except what she's obliged to.

"For we are under orders, you know—secret orders—and folks is pretty hard to deal with.

"Howsomever, Grace says she'll pay me back every penny, honest and honorable—and I believe she will.

"Now mind you attend to the wheat, and don't let things go to wrack for want of a master.

"You are as good a farmer as I be, for the matter of that; so I look to you to keep things going pretty straight.

"I sha'n't be home yet a while, I fear."

Gregory did not add that there was no very great longing in his heart for home.

In fact, he was even in the old toils again.

A smile from Lady Brentwyche, a touch of her hand, a carelessly kind word, made his great animal heart beat as it never beat at home for caress of wife or kiss of child.

Just as the cuckoo for its own convenience seizes the sparrow's nest without the thought or knowledge that for the young sparrows this means death, so did this woman, with easy graceful cruelty, hold her sister's husband and destroy his home and her happiness without remorse, without even a pin-prick of pain in her conscience.

She had need of Gregory as a spy and a friend; so it was necessary to make him a faithful slave.

For this she conquered her repugnance, her downright hatred of the man, and gave him; and it was a necessity of her feverish life to have some friend, some admirer, in whom she could confide.

It so happened that Gregory's situation with regard to Delgado made it a special necessity to her to conciliate him, so she cast the old chains about him without compunction, and with an easy graceful selfishness all her own.

Grace was ignorant that they often met; so was Lady Anne.

It never astonished the latter that her aunt should take her usual sudden and rapid journeys, apparently for no motive but mere weariness of spirit.

And, as for Grace, she little heeded what her rough cousin did or whither he went.

Such a man was a hidden book to her; there was no power in her innocent nature to read him.

She was kind to him, and thankful when he was kind to her.

She accepted his presence as a part of the compact, as a welcome substitute for Delgado; and she found in Continental life it was wise she should have some stronger, more substantial protector than poor Molly; therefore on the whole she felt she had no cause to complain.

Gregory had a comical kind of pride in her; it had been such an immense surprise to him to discover that she was of any value — money-value—that he felt now much like a showman at a fair who happens to possess the rarest of the paying curiosities that entice the public around him.

Moreover, people gave Gregory invitations—and he liked good dinners and wine.

To many Italians he was a pattern Englishman, because he resembled the caricatures; so they accepted him in good things and enjoyed himself.

No wonder if, in his coarseness, he forgot the farm and the rough home and the homely wife and children!

Yet, if his wife had dared to forget any of her duties, his rage would have been Homeric.

The faintest fear of neglect on her part always made his eyes bloodshot and brought a raging red to his broad face.

It was a fear he dismissed quickly; he felt he was able of killing his wife, if she did not keep things going properly, and make and save money during his absence.

He reckoned without a woman's jealousy.

Mrs. Blake waited two months for another letter; and, when none came, she rushed up to London to see Lord Enderby.

It was three day's after little Alan's funeral; and Lord Enderby had just returned from Castle Enderby, where his boy had been laid to rest.

Mrs. Blake was voluble, and yet reticent; she feared to own that her husband was in her sister's power, she scarcely dared even to breathe her name.

Her hatred and her anger were expended on Grace.

"What I say, my lord, is that a man should not leave his wife and family for a cousin.

"And he shouldn't spend his means on her when he can't afford it, and stay away in a foreign land, leaving things to go to wrack and ruin at home."

"Where is your husband?" asked Lord Enderby.

"That's the hardship of it; he doesn't tell me where he is."

"I see your letter has the London postmark only.

"Where do you address him when you write?"

She gave the address; it was Madame Delgado's.

Lord Enderby knew now that Grace was in the hands of her father's friends.

The certainty gave him a mental shock, though he had guessed it before.

"I fear I can help you but little," he said.

"Of one thing you may be certain; Miss Lanyon is not to blame for your trouble.

"Place your anger on the right head, not on her."

Mrs. Blake trembled and grew hot as she heard this.

She thought of her sister; but Lord Enderby was thinking of Delgado.

"I am going to Nice," he said; "if I hear anything of your husband there, I will let you know.

"Or, if I go on to Italy and hear of him there, I will send you news."

"You are very good, my lord," said Mrs. Blake, with a burst of tears.

"And if your lordship would give me any hope that the money shouldn't be a loss——"

"I will give you no such hope," interposed Lord Enderby.

"Your husband unfairly seized on an inheritance that was justly Miss Lanyon's.

"I sincerely trust he may be forced to refund every penny of it.

"And, if you hope that I shall repay it, you deceive yourself.

"I am sorry she is so generous."

Mrs. Blake was sorry that she had divulged this fact; she wondered at her own folly, but she felt it would be wise to change her tactics and conciliate him with praise of Grace.

"I don't say a word of Miss Lanyon, my lord; I believe she's good.

"There's others behind her, and it's they who are bent on ruining Gregory."

"I am quite of your opinion; and these others' have a strong hand.

"They will rule your husband with a rod of iron, and do with him and his money just as they choose."

This which she took as corroboration of her worst fears, of her worst opinion of her sister, shook the last atom of courage out of Mrs. Blake's heart.

"What shall I do?" she cried piteously.

"Go home and take care of your children and your farm, and believe that your husband will return to you when he can."

Mrs. Blake wrung her hands on receiving this advice; she felt that she had not power to take it.

"I thought you would have helped me, my lord.

"You know that Gregory is not fit to be a guardian to Miss Lanyon.

"How can he take care of a beautiful young lady, as he says she is?"

"He is not at all fit; he is only yielding to an iron necessity; so is Miss Lanyon.

"You are aware of this; you are not ignorant that Mr. Blake would not part with his money unless some strong hand were at his throat."

"Oh, that's true, that's true!" cried the weeping woman.

"And if only your lordship would use your influence!"

"I have no influence.

"I will promise you only this, that, if I can remove Miss Lanyon from Mr. Blake's so-called guardianship, I intend to do it.

"I am going to Italy for that purpose."

With this hope for her comfort, she strove to dry her tears.

"I think, my lord, my sister is at Nice," she said, as she rose to go.

"I know nothing of your sister."

"Oh, yes, my lord, you know her quite well!

"She is Lady Brentwyche!"

Lord Enderby felt the color rise in his face.

Was this woman always to plot against his peace, and was he ever to spare her?

Surely she would one day try his forbearance too deeply, and he should have to forget pity.

"If your sister, as is most likely, has arranged this affair, surely she would not injure your husband?

"You can return home in peace.

"I shall see your sister soon.

"I will do what I can for you," he said kindly.

Mrs. Blake departed with this assurance, which did not bring one touch of comfort to her heart.

She knew her sister; she would carry out her selfish aims to their bitter end, driving her chariot-wheels over the living bodies of her sister and her sister's children.

In half an hour Lord Enderby was with the Count Stroloff.

"Is there any hope, any chance of obtaining a pardon for the Duke di Valdivia?" he asked.

"None whatever.

"And why do you, of all men, wish to see such a mad Nihilist at liberty?"

"I wish to give his daughter a proper guardian—that is my reason.

"Can his escape be connived at?

"Can it be purchased?

"Can anything be done that will bring him into the world again?"

"You are too quick in your questions.

"I cannot answer one of them; but I will take soundings and gain an answer for you.

"Not just yet though—you must wait until I find myself in St. Petersburg."

"The waiting will be dreadful; but I must bear it," returned Lord Enderby, grasping his hand thankfully.

"Then has the old Duke refused to rescue the girl from the doubtful hands that hold her?"

"I have not asked him," said Lord Enderby.

"I start for Italy to-morrow."

"Let me hear his answer, will you?" said the other.

Upon this they shook hands and parted.

A fortnight after this the Count received a letter from Lord Enderby.

"I have seen the Duke," he wrote. "He consented to receive his niece on condition that she renounced her intention to become a singer and go upon the stage. She has positively and definitely refused this. She has also refused to grant me an interview. I fear she is under great coercion; and I cannot receive her, because she will not accept my help. Do all you can for her father; through him is her sole chance of escape from thraldom. I am going to travel. I send you an address that will always reach me."

"Till he is shot," said the Russian, laying down the letter.

"He hides his bitterness and his grief well; but I can read between the lines.

"He takes a heavy heart with him on those travels."

* * * * * *

Nearly two years have passed since Grace pressed her lover's hand to her fair young cheek and whispered in sorrow the word "*Addio*."

To the old, two years are but two shadows fleeing before the sun.

Just a gleam of snow, a short glory of flowers, a flush of green foliage, a rustle of dead leaves, and the year is gone.

The earth and the stars have rolled onwards that one step further in their marvellous course, going we know not whither, towards we know not what.

We are likewise traveling an unknown path towards a goal we cannot see; and we have no power to linger on our way, we cannot stay a single hour in its flight, we cannot hold a single moment in our clinging hands, be it ever so tender or dear.

If a day come to us full of joy and beautiful as an angel's visit, it does but bring us to the night whose shadows may cover us for ever.

No miracle has happened in these two years to change the fate of the lovers.

They are separated still; and there are gloomy days in Lord Enderby's life when he deems it well it should be so, when he tells himself that it would be a cruel deed to marry and fill the existence of a gentle and generous woman with the terror of death.

Better he should suffer alone than see her shrinking and fading away before the threats of an unseen vengeance.

The world, which grows accustomed to all things, has got used to secret societies and open murders and the safety of unknown assassins who strike down their victims in the broad glare of noon.

Yet Lord Enderby does not tell the world his story.

It would fain doubt or disbelieve still the might and cruelty of the dreadful power that has crept into power and secrecy under the earth, showing its strength only by the unseen blow it deals, and hiding again in security, so that it can never be struck in a vital part.

* * * * * *

Lord Enderby was ascending the steps of a certain club in St. James's, when an airy elderly gentleman passed by and stopped amazed.

"Is it you, Lord Enderby?" he cried.

"This is a surprise indeed!

"I thought you had quitted the haunts of civilization forever.

"I perceive, though, that, although you are as gaunt as a red Indian, you are not tattooed, and don't bear any marks of savage life in your appearance."

"I have found a good deal of human nature in your supposed savages," returned Lord Enderby.

"And, as for civilization, there are different forms of it.

"Ours is standing armies and diplomacy, tempered by assassination; theirs is open bloodshed and a system of 'killing no murder.'"

"Ah, you were always cynical in your opinions, and nearly two years in the wilds of America have not cured you!"

"There are no wilds, I assure you.

"Railroads and telegrams, torpedoes and dynamite are everywhere.

"I have tried to get beyond the pale of their civilizing influences, but I have failed.

"So I have come back to the centre of civilization, where I hope to live as long as——"

"As long as your friends will let you," said Lord Tosslande, with a laugh.

"Well, we shall not conspire to kill you just yet, although the season is at its height, and everyone is running mad after one individual, and that a woman."

"Do you expect me to ask who she is?" said Lord Enderby.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BARBARA GRAHAM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TWICE MARRIED," "MABEL MAY," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—[CONTINUED.]

It was perhaps one hour or so after they had quitted Ashley Court, that a sudden sharp turn in the road attracted Barbara's attention from her wandering thoughts.

It wound rapidly round a hill which they had been ascending for the last few minutes, and then, by a second sharp turn under the thick plantation which skirted the hollow, led the way back to that memorable Dell, and its group of cottages, which the girls had visited, with results so nearly fatal to one of them, and so disastrous to both.

Barbara started up in the carriage to arrest their progress, but Claudia instantly pulled her back.

"What would you do, Barbara?" she said sharply.

"It is by my orders that we are here."

"Claudia, are you mad?" said Barbara.

"What can possess you to dare again such fearful risk?

"I will not permit you to ruin your own and others' happiness so madly."

"I can hardly take the fever a second time, and you seem proof against infection."

"Claudia, you are wilfully blind, or you have forgotten your guardian's positive order," said Barbara, anxiously.

"I saw his great displeasure at our last coming here.

"I have some claim on your compliance now, Claudia, and I earnestly entreat you not to venture on this second act of rebellion against Mr. Ashley's wishes."

"Rebellion!" repeated Claudia scornfully.

"It is too soon to speak of that now.

"I am free at present, and mean to remain so, if such tyranny is to be used.

"I shall not go back, Barbara.

"Do not ask it.

"I cannot, I will not."

"My dear Claudia," said the excited girl, "in pity to yourself, to me, spare this needless defiance of one who has merited your utmost gratitude, your——"

"Nonsense—nonsense!"

"Spare me such triteness, I do beg, my dear daring, sober old nurse!" exclaimed Claudia, her face suddenly lighting up with a joyful smile that perplexed her companion.

"I will hold you harmless this time, if it comes to Mr. Ashley's ears; and listen, Barbara: it may be that this visit, which seems to you so wantonly rash and wicked, may decide the fate of more than one person besides your idol, Mr. Ashley.

"Come, you will forgive me, will you not?

"I do really care for your good opinion more than that of any other human being, save one.

"You will trust me, till you know all, Barbara?"

There was no resisting that lovely face, that pleading smile.

Barbara yielded to the pressure of the soft hand, and stooped down to kiss the upturned lips.

"You are sadly spoiled," she said, with a sad smile; "but it is not for me to condemn you.

"I can only warn, and pray that some one at least may escape the sorrow that I know so bitterly is not to be easily borne—that of estranged love and friendship."

Claudia looked eagerly at her for a moment, as if to read her meaning; but at the instant, the carriage drew up by the end of the cottage gardens, and the stranger, from whom Barbara so instinctively shrunk from even momentary contact, appeared.

"Ha! you are come at last.

"It is well—you are not too soon, signorina," he said, speaking to Claudia in a tone of mingled familiarity and kindly encouragement, very different from the unpleasing cynicism of his usual manner.

"Not one hour too soon.

"Will you permit me?"

He handed her from the carriage without even vouchsafing a word to the astonished Barbara, and was about to support her into the interior, with a gentle courtesy that was a strange contrast to his natural mien, when Claudia herself paused for a minute.

"Stay, I must speak to her.

"I will not betray anything you would keep secret," she said, decisively resisting his anxious though gentle efforts to lead her forward.

"Barbara, dearest, be patient for a short time.

"I am safe, quite safe; but there is one I must see, whom I am bound to see, in this house, and there must be no interruption to our interview.

"I will return soon, and——"

"Oh, as to that, I have some business with this young lady that will quite occupy her time and attention while you are away," interrupted the man, with a touch of his old manner.

"Pardon me for five minutes, signorina.

"I will only see your friend in safety, and return.

In spite of Barbara's half-uttered remonstrances, the strangely-assorted pair moved forward along the path, and as she gazed after them, a wild fancy flashed across her mind.

In spite of age, difference in sex—in spite of the beauty of the one, and the repulsiveness of the other—there was a strange, an obvious resemblance in the features of the two; the same eyes, the same delicate, yet decided nose, the same finely-arched eyebrows, were in the two faces, otherwise so different in character.

And then the peculiarity of his look and manner in addressing her!

Could it be possible that there was any link to unite the repelling, hateful stranger with Sidney Ashley's betrothed?

Monica's surprise at the peculiar mark in Claudia's ankle, the wilful yet evidently irresistible determination of the girl to run all hazards for another interview, all favored the suspicion that such might be the explanation of what had appeared so blamable, so mysterious in her conduct.

Barbara's eyes were fixed eagerly on the cottage door, and the low windows that skirted it on either side; she felt as if Claudia was entering some dangerous precinct, in which she longed to watch and protect her; and as her gaze remained steadily on those half-closed and shaded windows, she saw the shadow of a man's figure pass rapidly across the light.

It was taller, slighter, younger than the unknown, and Barbara's heart swelled with alarm and anger at the sight.

Had Claudia deceived her?

Was it indeed a clandestine lover she had come to meet, and thus make her an accomplice in the treachery and deceit that was to blight the happiness of the man that still loved so unselfishly, so deeply?

The pang was unbearable.

At least, she would not sit tamely by and permit such base ingratitude without an effort at remonstrance, a last attempt to save Claudia from the ruin she was bringing on herself and all most dear to her.

She sprang from the carriage, and bidding Stephen wait within call in case of need, but not attempt to follow her unless summoned, hastily traversed the little path, and pushing open the still unsecured door, entered the house and passed unhindered and apparently unseen into the chamber where Claudia had been carried a few weeks back.

It was empty, but the sound of voices from the adjoining room, where she had once seen the hapless invalid, directed her to that chamber as the scene of the interview of which Claudia had spoken.

She went softly to the partly-open door, and there witnessed a scene that transfixed her with astonishment.

On the low bed, in the centre of the room, lay the wasted form of the invalid she had before seen tossing in the pain and restlessness of raging fever.

But her face was changed now.

The wild glitter, the fatal flush was gone and the wan features were pale and calm, though an intense expression of tenderness shone in the eyes as they rested on Claudia's tearful face.

The girl herself half stood, half reclined on the arm of a young and handsome man, whose eyes were fixed on her with an expression of triumphant, rather than soft and tender, love.

His features were evidently foreign; the whole cast of his face, the figure, the very dress and mien proved him to be of no English origin; and the same peculiar formation and color of the eyes, the delicate nose, which had struck Barbara as forming so singular a resemblance between Claudia and her unknown acquaintance, was strikingly marked in the younger and handsomer man.

The unseen spectator had, however, little time to remark these characteristics; she glanced hastily at the rest of the group, which consisted of the woman called Monica, and the elder stranger who had conducted Claudia from the carriage.

They stood on the other side of the bed in silent but evidently deep observation of the other actors in the scene, and a softer, sadder look was on the faces of both than seemed natural to their hard features.

The feeble accents of the invalid were heard as Barbara stood, an unconscious eavesdropper at the open portal.

"My child," she said, "my beautiful Claudia, my darling, you will not, cannot leave me again during the few remaining days of my life.

"Come to me."

Claudia, however, clung, half-alarmed, half-weeping, to the arms of the young stranger.

"Speak to her," whispered the invalid.

"It is all so new, so strange, I can hardly comprehend it."

"What, do you not comprehend, my own dear Claudia," he murmured, "that you are at last all mine—that the only obstacle to our love is removed by this discovery!"

Barbara's hand grasped the handle of the door for support.

Could Claudia indeed be so base, so utterly lost to honor and gratitude, as to thus treacherously deal with her noble lover-guardian's faith and love?

But the sound of the sufferer's voice again arrested her attention.

"It is but just," she said.

"She turns from me to other and more kindred love.

"And yet it would not be for long.

"My child, my child!"

The elder stranger moved a step forward; his features were evidently agitated by some strange emotion.

"Have you no memory but of your child?" he said gently.

"You have known such love as hers; can you not thank God that she tastes it also?"

"God keep her from tasting what I have tasted," she said, mournfully.

"But it was my own fault, my grievous fault.

"Poor, poor Sidney!"

"But have you no thought of him whom you loved and who loved you?" again spoke the stranger; "even with such love as you see in that young pair—one of the same blood, the same country, as that noble youth?

"Has he no claim on your memory, your regrets, your penitence, for the wrongs he suffered at your hands?"

"Spare me, spare me!" said the woman, feebly.

"I can only see, only think of my restored precious child.

"In mercy let her remain with me, and then a brief space will give her undividedly to the lover of her choice."

"And what would you give to secure that boon?" asked the stranger, bending over her.

"All—everything—save the hope of eternal happiness, which I dare to cherish, unworthy as I am; all—all but that," she replied.

"Then I will test it," said the stranger.

"Give me that packet—those trinkets of which you guard the secret so jealously, and then I promise that, after one short day, your child shall not be separated from you till you can see her no longer on earth."

"Anything but that—anything but that," she said, shivering down in the couch; "it would be a new sin."

"As you will," he said.

"Come, signorina, we will delay here no longer."

He took one step from the bedside, but she grasped his arm tightly with a faint shriek.

"No, no, no! I will, I will!" she cried.

"Only leave her with me.

"Let me see her when I close my eyes—the last object on which they rest on earth.

"I have so panted, so craved for my child's love, the sound of her voice, the touch of her lips.

"I cannot bear it.

"Do as you will, only let her remain."

"Then tell me the secret of this concealment," he said.

He bent down.

She whispered a few words feebly and then drew a small key from her bosom and removed a chain from her neck.

"There, there," she said.

"May Heaven pardon me, for the trial is too great for me in my hour of weakness."

The stranger then signed for the young man to place the shrinking girl at her mother's side.

"Claudia," she said, "tell your mother whether you love him by whose side you stand, as a woman should love her plighted husband."

"Mother," she replied, "even as you loved my father, so I love my Leonardo.

"As he loved you, so I believe I am beloved.

"Girl, girl," said the woman, shrinking back from the hand timidly laid on her, "what makes you say those words?

"Trust not in man.

"I loved, only to my misery, my sin."

"Editha, Editha," said the stranger, suddenly stooping over her pillow, "is it true—do you love your husband?"

The tone was so hoarse, so eager, that none but the sufferer and the unconscious listener, whose strained ear caught every accent, heard the words.

Claudia's face was buried in her lover's bosom, his head was bent down over her; they heard nothing, thought of nothing but themselves.

Monica had moved back a few steps at a sign from the apparent master of the whole scene, and thus the two and the unseen listener were alone in their strange confidences.

But Barbara could not hear the reply; it was so low, so like a groan rather than the audible expression of words; she could only see the gleam of light in the stern face, the glistening in the dark eyes that formed the chief brilliance of that unpleasing face.

He moved from the bed with a half-repressed sigh, and then, whispering a few words in the ear of the woman called Monica, he came towards the door, where Barbara still stood, spell-bound and motionless.

His brow darkened as he saw her, with a scowl that few would have met unmoved, but Barbara's eyes did not fall beneath the fierce glance.

"You an eavesdropper, a spy!

"I deemed better things of you," he said, sternly.

"Are you not afraid of the consequences of such rash prying with one who brooks little interference with his plans?"

"I fear nothing but myself," she replied, firmly.

"At all hazards I will protect those under my charge.

"If you do wrong in secret, that is your crime, and not mine.

"Oh, you are one of the strong, independent damsels who defy all common rules!" he laughed scornfully; "but perhaps even your courage would give away were I inclined—or rather, did it suit me—to punish you as you deserve.

"However, there is little chance of harm just now, whatever happens, and your woman's curiosity may, perhaps, go unscathed on one condition."

"And what is that?"

"That you hold sacred circumstances and words that were never meant for your knowledge," he replied sternly.

"And what may be told you in confidence, Barbara Graham, your honor will equally keep intact and secret in spite of still stronger feelings.

"This promise I exact, remember, as the price of a confidence of which you little dream.

"Will you give it?"

Barbara hesitated.

Her irrepressible anxiety to know the real mystery hidden under the scene she had witnessed, and fear for Sidney Ashley's honor and happiness, contended strongly within her.

All personal interests were forgotten in alarm and anxiety for those dear to her, and in her noble, unselfish nature, she would have willingly sacrificed all prospect of happiness, of advancement for herself, in the one deep, engrossing desire of her heart for the safety and happiness of him she loved so well.

And the one great terror—the one contending feeling that influenced her decision, was connected with that ruling motive of action.

Would the concealment thus enjoined affect her power of saving Sidney from harm and from misery?

She felt now more than ever certain that her conjecture as to Mr. Ashley's visitor was correct: and if so, in all probability he must have had some warning, some intimation of the events so startling to her unprepared mind.

And surely, if not permitted to warn him in words, she would be able to prevent or save him in other and more indirect ways, if she once knew the source from which the danger awaiting him would come.

Barbara's decision was taken, and she said, firmly, "I promise not to reveal to any human being any confidence you may repose in me; but I do not promise that it shall not affect my actions, nor that I will not do my best to avert evil from any one that it may threaten.

You understand me?" she added, firmly facing his half-contemptuous, half-angry look.

"You need not expect anything but opposition from me in your plots and manœuvres."

"Well," said the man, smilingly, "I like candor, and courage too; and I trust you in spite of your warnings.

"But it is no place for the tale I have to tell for your own private ear, and we had better leave the lovers and their raptures to the sympathy of those more able to enter into them than you and I.

"The story treats of very different matters than sentimental passion."

He led her from the house, apparently unmindful of the pained look and reluctant step that answered his last remark, though he had noted both.

"Come," he said, leading her through a narrow opening in the hedgerow into the garden of the adjoining cottage.

"This is my especial domicile, and honored of course by the presence of so young a lady, and no ordinary one either," he added, gazing at her expressive face, glowing with the agitation of the moment, till it became actually beautiful to the keen, shrewd gaze of one who had formed his taste in a long and varied life.

Barbara drew back for a moment.

Her quick eyes had detected that the carriage and servants no longer waited at the gate, and a natural feeling of nervousness came over her.

"You need not fear: I have neither the wish nor power to harm you," he said, answering her look.

"Your equipage will return in half an hour, though your drive home will probably be a solitary one."

Barbara entered the cottage in silence, her heart violently beating at the strange succession of events that were crowding on her.

The room was in shape and size like the one which she had left, but furnished with more regard to masculine tastes and habits than to neatness or elegance.

An old, shabby escritoire, a library table, some leather chairs, and a large, old-fashioned couch were the chief pieces of furniture in the room; but one or two minor articles of value gave an incongruous air of refinement to the otherwise humbly-arranged apartment.

The stranger signed Barbara to sit down on the couch, and placed himself on a chair immediately opposite, where he could watch every turn of her face as he proceeded with his tale.

"I must first ask you," he said, "what you remember of your parents and your childhood.

"It may save time, and facilitate the story I have to tell."

"What do I remember?" said the girl, slowly.

"But little, though in reality in shadow

and minor detail that could scarcely interest or be of any avail to you.

"I never knew my father.

"The first and most vivid memory I have is of my mother's grief at his loss, and her gradual fading away; though I can recall now the brave efforts she made to be strong and to live for our sake.

"And then, after she died, I have since learned that the few friends she had in the village where we had lived, used every effort to place us in the Asylum, which was my first real vivid recollection.

"I believe the home was partly if not altogether purchased for us by the money that was left.

"At least, so the matron once informed me; but it mattered little, except that we owed less to charity than we otherwise should have done."

The proud, high-bred-looking girl had little in her air or mien that could give the idea of "charity."

She was far more like a princess than a pauper in her proud carriage and self-reliant manner.

"You are about correct in your conjectures," he said; "but I can add a little more to your scanty knowledge of the past than you appear to have gathered either from your own or the intelligent dame's memory.

"But it is fortunate that you have more common sense than romance about you, for I have discovered all I have to tell, not from any strange, wonderful marks or relics, or such extraordinary dealings, but simply by the common-place process of tracing out and discovering the residences and changes of those about whom I was curious, and by perhaps the striking likeness you bore to one I knew in former days."

"Did it never occur to you that your name might not be one to which you had an hereditary claim?"

"Certainly not," replied Barbara, resolutely keeping down all appearance of surprise or agitation.

"It is the one which my parents bore, and I have no reason to suppose it was not rightfully theirs."

"Perhaps you are right," said the man.

"At least it was, I believe, your father's baptismal name; but not that to which you are entitled; and I fear that even the name you can really claim will soon have to be relinquished for another.

"What say you to 'Vere' as a temporary appellation?"

Barbara did not reply; she knew perfectly well that the strange being before her intended to give her the information he had brought her there to communicate, and that it was but prolonging the tedious suspense to indulge his odd, "Quilpish" mood.

"Ay," said he, looking keenly at her, and laughing, "you can hold your tongue, it seems, and be patient, a rare quality for a woman; but there is no hurry.

"We are neither of us wanted by the loving couple next door, and your establishment at Ashley Court can wait patiently for the return of its mistress at her pleasure."

Barbara did flush now, but it was with anger at the mockery she supposed the words to convey.

"I can wait with tolerable patience if it suits you to tell your story piece-meal," she said firmly; "but I will not remain to be taunted or insulted.

"If it is only idle jests you have brought me here to listen to, I will have you at once, at whatever risk.

"It is unworthy of you—or any man, with the feelings of one—to detain a woman by such idle pretexts."

The man quietly placed his hand on her arm as she half rose.

"I forgive you your harsh words," he said, "for I confess I have tried you sorely; but they are unjust, unworthy of yourself or of me.

"I may be unforgiving, unrelenting, hard; I have been made so by adverse circumstances from my very infancy; but I could not insult one like yourself, who has shown qualities that I can well appreciate—ay, and respect.

"I tell you, child, that I would give the happiest years of my life could I call one like your daughter, instead of——"

"Instead of whom?" asked Barbara, eagerly.

"It matters not," he replied.

"I came to speak of you and of your prospects and claims, not of my own affairs.

"Forget the scene you have just witnessed, and listen to me with what faith and patience you can.

"The story I have to tell is not long; and it is true, true as yourself."

He paused a moment, and then went on.

"Child, I need not dwell on a tale, on events and passions long gone by, and which affect you but collaterally.

"It was many years ago that the father of a girl, to whom you might stand as the very living image, willed broad lands and wealth to her, though two sons had been born to him before she had seen the light of day.

"But she, in her turn, committed the same sin in his eyes as the brothers had done; she loved without his bidding, confessed it without his sanction, and fled from his house rather than give up the man whom she deemed worthy of her choice.

"He died, and the testament which had been known to exist did not appear.

"Whether adequate search was made for it is no question for us to decide; but it was certainly no difficult task to have traced the missing girl, and the inheritance was entered on with less delay than the circumstances of the case warranted.

"The second brother (the only surviving one) of the missing heiress, assumed the rights and took the title of the Master of Ashley Court and its fair estates, while its rightful heiress and her husband struggled on in poverty and obscurity in a foreign land.

"Florence Ashley (ah, I see you comprehend me now!) was no ordinary woman, and the man she loved and married was not unworthy of her, either in talent or spirit; but his health and spirits failed under the pressure of adversity and the yet more bitter trial of seeing the woman he had known as the daughter of a wealthy house, accustomed to every luxury, born to mingle with the noblest of the land, exposed to bitter trials, and even hardships, from the sacrifices she had made for his sake.

"And thus, while she kept up bravely for his sake, and used her talents for the support of her husband and infant daughter, till her health failed, and her cheeks grew pale, the energies and constitution of the high-spirited but sensitive Ernest Leslie sunk under the double trials he endured.

"They lived abroad for his health, and for cheapness, and she taught English and music and painting, and educated her child for seven weary years, and then the life her care had thus prolonged, at last died away, and the daughter of the Ashleys was a widow in a foreign land.

"I know not whether she ever tried, or thought of trying, to renew the intercourse with her own family.

"From the evidence of one who had means of knowing, I believe that Ernest Leslie himself had once, unknown to his wife, written to his brother-in-law, and received no reply.

"Whether it was received or not, Florence never knew; but it was mortifying for her high spirit that the attempt had ever been made, and she would have starved rather than have done it.

"Years went on, and the young Genevieve, the gifted child of gifted and unhappy parents, grew into a rare girlhood for one of English blood and birth.

"She was impassioned, impulsive, perfectly ignorant of all forms conventional or feminine, save what her own pure nature and lofty spirit prescribed for herself.

"She had drunk deeply at the fountains of fancy and art and poetry, which the secluded life she led, her father's early training, her mother's intellectual companionship, and her own natural genius made absolute life and reality to her girlish mind.

"Florence had no heart to destroy the sole pleasures she could give her child; she loved to watch her daily-increasing powers her love of the beautiful, her quick, clear perception and comprehension of everything that came within the grasp of her lofty intellect; and unconsciously she laid the foundation for a destiny as romantic and unhappy as her own.

"She died when Genevieve was but sixteen, and left her but scant means to preserve her from want and dependence till she could carve out some independence for herself.

"And the mode of gaining such support was no easy question for the orphan to solve.

"She had no fixed training and education to enable her to teach, even if her youth and friendlessness would not have rendered such a career almost hopeless to her.

"Even the accomplishments and knowledge she possessed were too desultory, too extensive and varied for the profession that seemed the sole one open for a well-born English girl.

"And thus Genevieve, too refined and nobly born to work, too young and unfriended and untrained for training others, was left a gifted, rare genius, with only starvation in view.

"But her real powers and tastes were too great to retain inactive and dormant, and a chance, which matters little to my tale, opened to her the career in which they could find scope.

"The granddaughter of Sir Geoffrey Ashley, the child of Ernest Leslie, with noble blood in her veins, and the rich heritage of her fathers really her hereditary right, was thankful, as she was distinguished, to win bread and fame as an actress.

"Yes, Barbara Graham, or rather Barbara Vere Ashley, for such is the name which you have the real right to bear, your mother has brought tears and smiles to the faces of hundreds of admiring spectators, while she herself was too absorbed by the grand creations of her own fancy to be flattered or moved by their tumultuous applause.

"She was, however, the heiress of her mother's passionate feelings, and her fate was but a modified transcript of hers.

"In the course of her short, brilliant career, Genevieve met with one too like her own gifted father in all things, not to win her heart.

"His history was as complete a transcript of Ernest Leslie's as could well be imagined; for he, too, was the son of an old and nobly-descended family, and disinherited by his stern father for the most venial, youthful rebellion to his will.

"He was handsome, gifted, romantic, and ardent.

"It was no wonder that the two, so alike in character and in fate, should learn to love each other, and that the feted, brilliant young favorite of the hour should have willingly laid all her laurels, her gains, at the feet of one who asked her for herself alone.

"They married, and within three years you and your young sister were born to them.

"In two more Genevieve was a widow; and in the two more you and Lillian were orphans."

"Lillian!" said Barbara, starting. "Then you know my sister?"

"Do you suppose I could know so much of you and yours, and be ignorant of the existence of the pretty doll whom Philip Joddrell has made his wife?" he said, scornfully.

"But it matters little what I know of her; she has as little of the qualities of her race as of their faults.

"I hate them, girl; I hate all that bear the name of Ashley, save yourself: and you have suffered enough, both in your own person and that of your parents, to atone for the sins of your race.

"But as regards your baby-faced sister, she has not even the strength to excite hatred, or aught but indifference and contempt.

"Had you been like her, I should scarcely have even used you as the instrument of my vengeance—certainly not watched over your fate as I have done ever since our first interview in the crowded streets of London."

"It is not for you to volunteer your opinion of my sister," said Barbara, haughtily, and flushing scarlet.

"She is as beautiful as she is, I trust, happy; and neither you nor any one shall dare to speak slightingly of her to her only sister."

"A sister whom she has cast off and whom I will place in a position where she will humbly sue for reconciliation and pardon," he replied, scornfully.

"Girl, I did not bring you here to quarrel about such silly puppets as Lillian Joddrell.

"Let me finish my tale, and then leave me to work out your destiny and that of others.

"You cannot change my purpose, nor the actions which will carry it out; you could only work greater misery to others by destroying my foolish interest for yourself, and your fate."

There was a pathos in the last words that Barbara's heart at once responded to, even that faint touch of human feeling in the strange being whose intellect and feelings seemed so equal in strength, but whose powers had been thus turned to evil.

"If you have kindness for me—if you have the feelings which I believe are indeed hidden under your bitterness," she said, earnestly, "you must know, you must see—how worthless wealth and station would be to me when obtained at the cost of another's happiness, and that other my benefactor.

"I have nothing to have, little to fear, now in this world.

"Let me remain in peace and obscurity, and leave the possessions to which you say I have a right, in the hands of their present owner."

"The rightful owner is her to whom they were bequeathed," replied the man.

"You seem to anticipate the issue of my story; you guess that the will to which I alluded was not destroyed, if I understand you aright."

Barbara bowed a quiet assent.

"I do not imagine you are telling me this history merely to excite my sympathy for my mother and grandmother's sorrows," she said; "I believe you have some deeper motive than sympathy for them or for me, unless you knew and loved them."

"No, child, no," said he, with a bitter laugh; "I did not know them, save as I know and watched the fate of each one that bore the name or owned the blood of the race I hated—the race that had injured one I did love as my very heart's core—my own injured, peerless mother.

"Barbara Vere, your mother's, your grandmother's wrongs, were light to the scorn, the hatred, lavished on a creature too beautiful, too gentle, too noble for them even to comprehend her value.

"And if I plotted them, if I have planned and watched to secure you the rights that were yours, it was because they were scorned and cast out and injured by the man who killed my own beloved mother.

"If you have one spark of the spirit of your race—one memory of your gifted parent, whom one tithe of the wealth that was rightfully hers would have saved from sinking into an obscure and lonely grave, you will rejoice and triumph in the rich retribution I have prepared for the descendant of those who defrauded her—for the man who scorned and maligned you."

He spoke slowly, deliberately, and his keen eyes were fixed half-triumphantly on Barbara's face as he pronounced the last words.

The crimson blood rushed to her pale face; but her spirit was too proud, her nature too generous and lofty, to be taunted into submission or to injustice.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TRUE LOVE.—Even when the course of true love does run smooth, so weak and contray is human nature that the jealous swain is apt to strain his mind with imaginary perils, as the following correspondence will show: His billet—"If you shud desart me dearest mary I believe I wood do like joner throw miself overbored and be swollered by a whale." Her suggestion—"That would be very foolish. Remember that Jonah only stayed down a short time. Alligators have stronger stomachs than whales. Try an alligator."

"IT is not necessary for a man to be poor to be honest." Certainly not. But it seems sort o' half way necessary for a man to be poor if he is honest.

Scientific and Useful.

OLD PAINT.—To remove old paint from wagons, &c., use a strong solution of potash followed by a thorough rinsing in water.

RAILWAY AXLES.—In order to lessen the chance of breakage in railway axles, a French engineer proposes that the axle should be made of a number of separate bars, only welded together at the extremities, thus giving greater ease under such strains, and rendering it highly improbable that all the bars should break at once.

LIGHT AND MOTHS.—A Mississipi doctor proposes the use of the arc electric light for killing the moths from the eggs of which the destructive cotton-worm is hatched. It is well known that brush fires or burning rubbish will attract these pests, and it is probable that the brilliant electric light would destroy in a short time enough moths to make good the cost.

COPPER AND FEVER.—In the early stages of typhoid fever Dr. Guillasse, of the French Navy, has administered coffee with marked success. Three tablespoonfuls are given adults every two hours, alternating with one or two teaspoonfuls of claret or Burgundy wine. A beneficial result is immediately apparent. A little lemonade or citrate of magnesia is also administered daily, and after some time quinine is recommended.

IMITATION GEMS.—The imitation gems now produced in Paris by chemical means so nearly resemble the genuine article that even connoisseurs cannot readily distinguish them without the use of scales or files. The following oxides supply the coloring substances employed: Gold, for purple; silver, for yellowish green; copper, for bright green; iron, for pale red; cobalt, for blue; tin, for white; manganese, in small quantity, to make the glass devoid of color, in a larger to give it an amethyst hue, and in great quantity to make it black and opaque; antimony, for reddish hyacinth color.

TEMPERING STEEL.—Water mixed with ice gives the best temper to steel. One may insert some small tools to advantage in a lump of ice, as jewellers and watchmakers do when they temper them in sealing wax. Often oil is used, and is preferable to water, because it is not so easily evaporated. Damascened blades, it is well known, are tempered in a strong current of cold air, passing through a narrow chink, a temper more uniform than with water being thus obtained. But of all the means for this purpose, it is believed the most efficacious is a metallic liquid, and mercury being the only one known, and always a good conductor of heat, as well as the best of liquid conductors, it has come to be regarded as an unequalled bath for the temper of very sharp steel tools. A very sharp steel, to which in forging it a convenient form was given, and which was afterward tempered in mercury, might be equal, it would seem, to cutting through almost any substance.

Farm and Garden.

SHEEP.—The experience of sheep-growers is that it is folly to keep old sheep. They should be given over to the butcher in their prime. Four sets of lambs is all that a ewe should bear. She will then be five years old, and can be readily fattened for the block.

FARM LABOR.—Under a well planned system, it would not be necessary to make any marked increase of working force on the average farm at any season of the year, if full advantage is taken of the improved farm machinery that can now be readily obtained for a variety of purposes. In the cases where it is not possible to secure an exact uniformity in the distribution of labor it will be best to make as close an approximation to it as possible.

THE BLACK WALNUT.—The usual mode of propagating the black walnut is by planting the nuts. For this purpose the best nuts should be selected, and, without allowing them to become dry, should be placed in layers of moist sand and kept in a cool place until early in spring; then they should be sown, or planted, so as to be covered about two inches in depth. If the nuts are planted where the trees are to stand, it is said, the best and tallest trees are obtained, but if first raised in nursery rows and transplanted, they will come sooner into bearing.

THE IVY.—The plant of all plants for the house is the ivy. If one has a piece, a bit only six inches long, with time and patience all the rest will follow. If the plant has roots, plant it in a pot in good soil. If it has not roots, do the same, and it will soon make roots, for it is one of the easiest of all things to grow from cuttings. Slow of growth at first, if given larger pots as the roots require, it will in time run to be trained over the window frame, up the corner of the room and along the cornices, over picture frames and everywhere, and make a drapery so beautiful that no one will ever think of the pattern of the wall paper.

BONES AND ASHES.—A farmer in Indiana gives the following result of an experiment with bone dust and wood ashes. He says: "I applied 600 pounds of dry unleached ashes to the acre, and sowed wheat on the land, the result being but six bushels to the acre. Adjoining this tract I drilled in 200 pounds of bone dust, and the three acres produced at the rate of twenty bushels to the acre over the tract sown with wood ashes. The following year I used 500 pounds of bone dust upon the plat where I had previously sown 600 pounds of ashes, and the result was forty bushels of wheat to the acre, being double what the bone dust had produced alone.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SIXTY-SECOND YEAR.

SATURDAY EVENING, NOV. 11, 1882.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

(Lock Box 5.) **726 Sansom St., Phila., Pa.**

"TIFF."

In the present number of THE POST we begin a new serial under the title of "TIFF." It is by an authoress who makes her first appearance in our columns, but we feel assured our readers will say on perusing the story, they wished the acquaintance began sooner, and that it may continue long. It is in all respects an admirable tale, and we feel convinced will meet the reception it deserves.

THE USES OF POETRY.

Men often ask what is the use of poetry? What does it prove? What does it do? It does much. It adds not only to the happiness, but to the virtue of mankind. In the shape of war-songs, it sometimes rouses an oppressed nation to vengeance and freedom.

It furnishes the lover with correct and beautiful language in which to express his thoughts and feelings. It gives to pure and noble sentiments a garb worthy of their divine nature, and locks them up, as it were, in phrases which preserve them, unchanged, for the repetition and admiration of thousands.

The poet is obliged to be also, in some degree, a philosopher, penetrating into the hidden resources of language, selecting the words which convey his thoughts not only most strikingly, definitely and correctly, but also most briefly, most attractively, and most eloquently. A single word of a skilful author, sometimes expresses all that is conveyed, and that peradventure but feebly, in the sentence of another less taught in the mysteries of his profession. In poetry this is peculiarly the case. A good poet must, in two points, possess superiority over common men. In the first place, he must be gifted with noble thoughts, and in the second he must know how to clothe them in the most forcible and appropriate language. When once so clothed, a sentiment becomes embalmed. It has received substance, definite form, and a name. It is a visible, tangible, portable treasure, which infinitely survives the mortal state of the author, and goes about the world, wafted on the winds of heaven, convincing and delighting all who meet it. In this way a single phrase becomes immortal, and thus some writers build their own immortality upon writings which have expressed certain ideas in the most proper words, arranged in such an ingenious method that no subsequent person can produce the same thought so lucidly.

But the most benign influence of poetry is exercised upon the feelings and the affections. It opposes selfishness, avarice, hypocrisy, and all the lower and more groveling tendencies of our nature. It cherishes courage, disinterestedness, love, friendship, fidelity and truth. The simpler and unobtrusive virtues are dignified by it. Poetry is noble in proportion as it approaches these objects. It is a voice of music more melodious and melting than the tones of harp or lyre, and should utter no sentiment but tho' of pure truth and God-like virtue.

SANCTUM CHAT.

THE School Board of Liverpool, after full discussion, have decided to use novels occasionally instead of ordinary reading books in the public schools. A beginning will be made with some of Scott's works.

—

A BULLET invented by a German chemist is made of a powerful anæsthetic, which breaks on striking a person, who is made unconscious for twelve hours, and while in that condition can of course be taken prisoner. The inventor puts forward his device in all seriousness.

—

THE means which have been used to diminish the loss of life attendant upon mining operations in Great Britain have produced very satisfactory results, although the annual destruction of life is still very large. From statistics recently presented to a convention of miners held at Manchester, it appears that while in the ten years ending 1801 there was an average of one life lost for every 245 miners engaged; in 1831 there was but one life lost for every 425 engaged. In 1851 there was a life lost for every 51,000 tons of coal raised, whereas the proportion in 1881 was one life for every 177,000 tons. Still, over 1,000 persons were killed in mining last year. The list of injured is estimated at 10,000 annually. There is every motive, therefore, for continued effort to reduce the danger to which these laborious servants of the community are subjected.

—

BUT few persons, as they see one of the fast express trains go by, are aware of the value of such a train. What is known as the Royal Limited Express over the Pennsylvania road, as the train is ordinarily made up, represents over $120,000. This is a rather low estimate of one of the fast expresses. Some of the palace cars are worth $18,000 and Pullman palace cars occasionally run that cost in the neighborhood of $30,000.

—

IN the year 1830 at the Morgue in Paris there were received 400 corpses. From 1830 to 1847 the greatest number was 350. In 1848 it rose to 600; it fell in 1849 to 350. In the following years it rose gradually, until 1870, from 400 to 800. Then it fell in 1874 to 550. In the year 1881 it was 900. The average by decennial periods from 1830 to 1839 was 325; from 1840 to 1849 375; from 1850 to 1859 425, from 1860 to 1869 it rose to 650, and it was 675 from 1870 to 1879.

—

IN several provincial districts of Finland a religious sect has appeared based upon the fundamental principle of "female supremacy and male subjection." Husbands and lovers bind themselves by oath to wear whatever yoke their partners choose to place upon them, and, furthermore, to make unreserved confession once a week of all delinquencies. A woman who has been chosen by her sister rulers to exercise unlimited authority within the community, allots the penalties, which are promptly inflicted by robust and resolute matrons.

—

IN the event of the establishment of postal savings banks in this country, where deposits as small as one cent may be received, a good opportunity will occur to test the old proverb which admonishes us to take care of the pennies, and let the dollars take care of themselves. In England last year such small deposits aggregated $12,500,000. Another instance of the result of this policy is afforded by the fact that the Bank of England has obtained $716,300 by reckoning in its own favor in settlements of transactions involving fractions of pennies.

—

FRENCH enterprise is steadily persevering in the work of redeeming the desert of Sahara by means of artesian wells. A large number of wells have been sunk along the northern border, more than 150 in the Province of Constantine alone, and the work is advancing into the interior. One of the curious phenomena which the digging of these wells has brought to notice is the existence of fish and crabs at great depths. A learned engineer who for over twenty years has directed the work, avers that he once boiled and ate a crab which had been drawn up from a depth of two hundred and fifty feet, and that, moreover, it was of an excellent flavor.

—

BEES are an article in the trade of Rio Janeiro. Their wings are made into artificial flowers, and some of the most brilliant varieties are worn as ornaments in ladies' hair. One man manages to earn his living by selling insects and other specimens to the strangers who visit the port. He keeps twelve slaves constantly employed in finding the bugs, serpents, and shells which are most in demand. The nearest approach to his business that we can remember is that of the trade of fire-flies in Havana; the insect being caught and carefully tied on the sugar-cane, is used as an ornament in ladies' dresses. Being twice the size of the American fire-fly, it is very brilliant at night. The creoles catch them on the plantations and sell them to city belles; some of them carry the insects in silver cages attached to their bracelets. They make a very fine display by lamp-light.

—

THE census of English convict prisons just completed shows that of the 10,261 prisoners three-fourths are, on medical authority, fit for hard labor, and only one-thirtieth unfit for labor of any kind. That part of the population which is between twenty-five and thirty-four years of age contributes far more than its proportion of criminals. This may be taken as the criminal age, after which a tendency to crime rapidly diminishes. It is suggested that if those whose career evince a marked criminal tendency could be locked up or kept under supervision till they had passed, say, forty years of age, a vast deal of crime would be prevented. A London paper makes the just observation with reference to this unpractical suggestion that a growing disinclination to repeat past crimes is probably largely the result of hard experience, and that perhaps if the viciously-inclined were prevented from gaining that experience in their own way before their thirty-fourth year, they would insist on gaining it afterwards.

—

A GREAT deal of sickness families suffer could be easily traced to the cellar. The cellar not unusually opens into the kitchen; the kitchen is heated, and the cellar is not. Following natural laws, the cold air of the cellar will rush to take the place of the warmer and, therefore, lighter air of the kitchen. This would be well enough if the cellar air was pure, but often it is not; partly decayed vegetables may be there, or rotten wood, etc. The present time is opportune for a thorough cleansing of the cellar. A day should be taken to throw out and carry away all dirt, rotton wood, decayed vegetables, and other accumulations that have gathered there. Brush down the cobwebs, and with a bucket of lime give the walls and ceiling a good coat of whitewash. If a whitewash brush is not at hand, take an old broom that has been worn out, and spread the whitewash on thick and strong. It will sweeten up the air in the cellar, the parlor, and the bedrooms, and it may save the family from the afflictions of fevers, diphtheria and doctors.

—

INSTANTANEOUS photography, in its more familiar aspect, supposes motion of the objects photographed; but another form of it is that in which it is the camera, more especially, that has motion of translation, as in photographing from balloons or trains. The practicability of photographing landscapes from the window of a train running at the rate of even 40 miles an hour has been recently proved by a Frenchman, who uses what he calls a gyrograph for the purpose. The apparatus comprises a copper tube similar to that which carries the lenses in ordinary cameras, but the lenses are placed on opposite sides parallel to the axis. Within is a shutter similar to the box of a stop-cock; it presents two quadrangular apertures, which, according to the position of the shutter, do or do not let pass the light rays in making a quarter of a turn. This rotary movement is obtained by means of a spring liberated from a catch. An exposure of only one-hundredth of a second may be had. With a little practice wonderfully distinct views, it is said, can be obtained with the apparatus.

—

NOT long ago, during the absence of the Emperor, an English visitor was shown through one of the Imperial castles near Berlin. He looked upon everything with the most utter cockney supercilliousness, until, say the story tellers, he came across a collection of walking-sticks, when one of these, a sturdy piece of hickory, quite captivated his fancy. Long and longingly he gazed upon it and handled it, nor did his admiration decrease when his guide, the steward's daughter, informed him that it had been cut from the forest and fashioned into shape by the Emperor's own hand. At last, however, he was constrained to tear himself away from the object of his fancy, but just as he was leaving the castle his admiration of the stick blazed forth beyond control, and drawing a handful of sovereigns from his pocket, he intimated to his fair guide that by so much would she become richer if she would allow him to bear away the coveted cane. Of course she spurned the temptation indignantly, and he went away disconsolate. Well, the girl told her father about it, and he carried the story to the Emperor on his return to the castle, a week later. And when Kaiser Wilhelm heard it, he laughed a right royal laugh, and exclaimed: "If the fellow had offered me so much good gold for the stick, I would have taken it and turned it into the fund for the invalid soldiers."

TWO ROSES.

BY THOMAS HARDY.

O brilliant, blooming, bright-red rose,
Whose scented odor heavenward goes,
I love thy beauty, color, size,
Thou sweetest flower beneath the skies!
But greater far than I love thee,
I love the love who gav'st thee me.

Though she with thee might well commune,
As thou with her couldst truly vie,
Thou hast a richness in thy bloom,
And she has beauty in her eye;
Her look inspires eternal bliss;
Thine breathes forth Nature's loveliness.

Thou art a rose, nd so is she;
Each blossom in the bright to-day,
Pure as thou art may her life be,
Until it shed its parting ray!
E'en as at night thy portals close,
So shall her eyelids find repose.

Only Sixteen Then.

BY FLORENCE MUERER.

OH, Lily, how beautiful!

"It seems as if I could almost smell their fragrance.

"I wish we could afford to keep them."

And little Mary Melbrook, a chubby child of seven years, stood gleefully on tip-toe to examine the delicate little boquet of wax lillies of the valley that lay on the table.

"You will be sure and take good care of Agnes while I am gone, Mary," said the elder sister, glancing towards a worn lounge on which reposed the pale, slight form of a girl of thirteen.

Agnes Melbrook was a cripple—yet you scarcely pitied her when you looked upon the happy serenity of her sweet pale face.

He who "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb" had given Agnes patience to bear her afflictions; and Lillie herself sometimes envied her young sister the unruffled peace of her daily life.

Lilian Melbrook had been left sole guardian and protector of her two sisters at the age of eighteen, and she had unhesitatingly assumed the charge.

Dr. Melbrook had died suddenly, and on the investigation of his affairs, they proved to be so embarrassed that Lilian found herself obliged to toil for her daily bread, and now was the time when her accomplishments proved themselves of use.

"My dear," said the head partner of the great jewelry firm of Gold and Jett, "you may bring as many of your wax flowers here as you please, and I'll sell 'em for you without any commission. You needn't go to thanking me now; I should be a cold-hearted old fellow enough if I weren't willing to do as much as that for Roger Melbrook's daughter."

Lily looked very pretty as she sped through the frosty October sunshine, with glowing cheeks and fresh lips slightly apart to put her little boquet on exhibition.

She small and plump, with peach-red cheeks, hair of the real flaxen gold, and soft grey eyes, whose appealing glance spoke to you with irresistible charm; and her simple dress of some drab worsted fabric, trimmed with bars of scarlet velvet ribbon, set off her beauty with artistic contrast.

"I ought to have five dollars for this little boquet," thought Lily.

"Oh, if we were only rich again!" she sighed involuntarily.

It was hard to live on the slender wages of her work; and a woman fighting the battle of life alone, strives at fearful disadvantage.

But she thought of Agnes uncomplaining and serene upon her couch of suffering, and of little Mary, eager in her studies that she might one day be able to teach and thereby "help sister Lily," and resolved to harbor not one repining thought.

All of a sudden, as she glanced upward, a familiar face seemed to flash across her vision—a dark bronzed face, with pleasant hazel eyes, and a puzzled, half-recognising expression.

"Major Draper," she murmured, looking round almost bewildered.

And then, as the tall form borne unconsciously onward by the crowd seemed to pause and hesitate, she drew the veil over her face and darted down a side street—why, she could hardly have told herself, except that Major Draper had known them in the days of their prosperity, and Lily Melbrook—over sensitive perhaps—shrank from meeting him again.

"I thought he had gone to Spain," thought Lily, with a throbbing heart.

"I am sure some one told us he was living in Madrid."

The crimson flushed softly over Lily's cheek, as she remembered the note she had found, in Major Draper's handwriting, amongst her deceased father's papers—a note asking for permission to woo Lily Melbrook as his wife—and the copy of her father's reply.

Dr. Melbrook had discountenanced the whole thing, without once submitting it to his daughter's decision.

"Lily was too young—he did not wish such things put in her head.

"Major Draper, though unexceptionable in every respect, was too much Lily's senior—he must beg respectfully to decline the honor," etc., etc.

"I was only sixteen then," thought Lily, "and yet Major Draper could not have been more than thirty, and he was very, very handsome, and winning in his manners."

And Lily thought for one fleeting moment how pleasant it would have been, could she, as Angus Draper's wife, have offered a luxurious home to Agnes and little Mary.

"How foolish I am to build such absurd castles in the air!" was her resolute ultimatum, and she carried her tiny boquet to Gold and Jett's, and came home again to the dingy house in the second-rate street, resolved to dream no more delusive visions of what might have been.

"I don't think I'll settle on the bracelet to-day.

"The turquoise is so pretty that really I can't decide between that and the topaz."

Miss Fontaine sauntered gracefully towards the door, with her father and Major Draper in attendance.

"Upon my word," said Mr. Fontaine, with a grimace expressive of relief, "I began to think you never could tear yourself away from the contemplation of those trinkets, and its grows late.

"What now, Helena?"

For the spoiled beauty had paused again in front of the glass show-cases.

"Oh, papa, see those lilies of the valley in wax!

"Aren't they exquisite, with their tiny bells and deep green leaves?

"They are just what I want for the drawing room table.

"How much are they?" she questioned, turning to the attendant.

"Five dollars, ma'am."

"Papa, buy them for me!

"And—oh, papa, wouldn't a wreath of them under glass be lovely for a wedding present to Stephanie Wyllys? Where do you get them?"

"They are made by a young lady—an acquaintance of Mr. Gold's," said the attendant.

"Any orders you may choose to leave ——"

"Yes—well, tell her to make a circular garland, large enough to be an ornament to a parlor table.

"And I must have them by Wednesday without fail."

"Certainly, ma'am," assented the attendant, entering the order in a portly manuscript volume.

"I am so glad I thought of it," lisped the lady, turning to the Major.

"I was so puzzled what to give Stephanie.

"Come; I really think I have finished now."

And she entered Major Draper's carriage with the step of a queen, quite unconscious that the gentleman himself appeared bored and anxious, in spite of Mr. Fontaine's efforts to amuse and entertain him.

Helena Fontaine was handsome, in her haughty queen-like way.

She had always had her own way through life, and now that she had settled in her royal mind that she would like Angus Draper for a husband, she no more thought it possible for her will to be thwarted than she deemed it possible for the sun to rise in the west.

"I like him—oh, ever so much better than Frank Falkland or Felix Downes," thought Helena the evening she met him the first of a series of tableaux, "and I'll have him."

So Mr. Fontaine, having been given to understand his daughter's new freak, invited Major Draper to dinner, and drove with him in the park, and surrounded him with the most delicate attentions and invisible snares of cordial hospitality.

Angus Draper's nature was too perceptive not to see through the flimsy strategies.

He smiled moodily to himself.

"What matters it?" he mused.

"If she likes me, I may as well marry her as any one else.

"I never saw but one whom I really fancied, and she——"

But there Draper's soliloquies invariably stopped.

It was nearly a week subsequently that Helena sat in her dressing-room, the victim of a very bad temper.

"It's too bad," she pouted, as she jerked the curl-papers out of her magnificent golden hair.

"I wish he would propose if he's going to!

"I wonder how long he's going to be about it, and I missing the best chances of the season.

"Angelique!"

Her maid appeared with a startled air at the imperative peal of Helena's little silver bell.

"Yes, mademoiselle."

"Have Gold and Jett sent home that wreath of lilies of the valley?"

"No, mademoiselle."

"Send papa here."

Mr. Fontaine obeyed his daughter's summons.

"Papa," began Helena, frowning until her pretty forehead looked as if it were quilted, "that wreath has not come home from Gold and Jett's, and Stephanie Wyllys is to be married to-morrow."

"Well, my dear, I don't really see what we can do about it."

"But I do!

"You must go there at once, and if it is not done, get the young woman's address, and ask her to finish it."

"But, Helena, I am particularly engaged ——"

"I can't help it; I must have the flowers."

Mr. Fontaine knew better than to incur any more decided demonstration of his daughter's wrath; he turned away without a remonstrance.

"Draper," he said to the gentleman he met at the club rooms, "I wish you would get those wax flowers for Helena.

"She has quite set her heart on them, and I have not time to attend to the business.

"They will give you the address at Gold and Jett's."

"I shall be very happy to oblige Miss Fontaine," said Major Draper mechanically.

He sauntered into Gold and Jett's.

"No, the wreath ordered by Miss Fontaine had not yet been sent.

"They were very sorry—the young lady was generally more punctual."

"What is the address?"

"Number 10 Grow Street, second floor.

Angus Draper had got nearly half-way to Grow Street before he recollected that he had forgotten to ask the young person's name.

"Very awkward of me," deliberated Draper; "but I suppose I can ask for the wax-flower maker."

No. 10 Grow Street was a rusty red-brick house, with that forlorn look about it which so plainly individualises all tenement houses.

A plump little girl was nursing a colossal baby on the steps.

To her Major Draper addressed himself.

"Does a young person live here who makes wax flowers?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, sir; that's Aggie's sister.

"It's the second floor, sir—the last door as you turn to the right."

Major Draper thanked his small informant and ascended the worn oil-clothed stairs.

The next moment he tapped at the "last door as you turn to the right."

"Come in" a soft voice answered.

And he found himself in a neat, though scantily-furnished room, where a girl of eighteen sat at a table busily engaged in making waxen blossoms, while a younger girl lay on a lounge beyond, busied in some light needle-work.

Lily Melbrook glanced up, expecting to see no more dignified guest than the landlord; but her cheeks grew scarlet.

"Major Draper!"

"Miss Melbrook, can it be possible that this is you?"

Explanations followed, and more explanations still, and somehow the wreath of lilies of the valley was entirely forgotten.

We think it will hardly be necessary to relate all the conversation if we give the closing sentences.

"Then I may take you away from this life of toil and privation next month?

"Oh, Lily, if you but knew how I have pined to call you my wife!

"And Agnes and little Mary shall be as dear to me as if they were sisters in very truth."

Whatever Lily said, she didn't say "No," and Major Draper went back to Miss Fontaine's with the lilies, which were fortunately remembered just in time.

"You've been a long time," commented Miss Fontaine, rather ungraciously.

"What was the price?"

"The price!" Major Draper felt himself flush.

"I never thought of the price.

"Anything—nothing.

"The fact, Miss Helena, I have this morning met, in the manufacturer of these wax flowers, a very dear friend."

"Indeed!"

"And I shall hope soon to present her to you as my wife."

Helena Fontaine's surprise was a very genuine, if not a very agreeable sensation, but she retained sufficient presence of mind to congratulate Major Draper rather coldly.

"And it's all owing to Stephanie's lilies of the valley," sobbed Helena, when the Major had gone.

"I wish I never had thought of them."

Yes, it was all owing to the lilies of the valley, and Lily Melbrook thanked Heaven for it in her pure young heart.

A Touch of Romance.

BY HAROLD I. ROSSITER.

OH, John, it's snowing!"

"I'm sorry for that," responded John, following his wife to the window.

"But doesn't it make everything look pretty?" said Fan softly, with a momentary sense of the beautiful in nature.

"I can say that I see anything very pretty," returned John, who was pre-eminently practical.

"The first snowstorm is always a reminder to me of mud and rheumatism.

"But I'm all right now, I reckon; I don't believe a light storm like this will hurt me."

"I'm sure I hope not," Mrs. Griffen said earnestly.

"Don't you think you might stay home from the bank just one day more?

"It may clear by to-morrow."

"Not another day, Fan.

"I wrote to say that I would commence work again to-day, and I will as long as I feel able to get there.

"The directors have been mighty kind to keep my place for two months, and let my salary run on, and I owe them the most faithful service I can give them."

"Yes, I know," returned Fan; "only it would be dreadful if you should get cold and be laid up again."

And she sighed as she thought of the big, unpaid doctor's bill.

"There's no use in worrying, Fan," assured John cheerily, as he went down to the kitchen to build the fire, while Fan dressed the children.

They were good husband and wife to each other, and good parents—kindly, matter-of-fact people, who economized and saved to get along comfortably, and kept the run of the news of the day, and lived their lives together as hundreds of practical, moral people in the middle walks of life do.

John Griffen had married Fan Lansing because she was a lively, industrious, good-looking young woman, with whom he had fallen into a habit of walking home from church; and she had married him because he was handsome, had a clerkship, and—well, because he courted her and proposed to her.

And they had been very happy together—as such people are happy, without any extremes of heat or cold, or any element of romance, to disturb the equilibrium of their attachment—and had got on comfortably enough on their small salary and the cottage and couple of acres of land left them by old Mrs. Griffen, until this fall, when John's long and dangerous attack of fever and rheumatism had sadly reduced their exchequer.

Then, too, it was one of those occasional years when the entire family needed a fresh supply of winter clothing, and coal and provisions were unusually high.

And although they had dismissed their servant in the interests of retrenchment, Fan thought the future looked very dark, and that these were the "hardest times" she had yet experienced in her nine years of married life.

She was still pondering on their many needs, and the unpaid doctor's bill, when they sat at breakfast.

"John, do you think they are likely to give you any present at the bank this year?"

"I should think not, when they have been paying me for two months of absence.

"Though, of course, I cannot say."

"I don't see how we are to get along this winter, unless they do," she said, despondently.

"Don't borrow trouble, Fan.

"It will be a tight squeeze, no doubt, but we'll manage it somehow.

"Now I must be off.

"Let Lydia and Jack help you all they can with the work."

It was fully a mile from John's house to the station, and he had hardly accomplished half the distance when something extraordinary befell him.

He came upon a tiny child sobbing piteously and calling "Mamma! Mamma!" to an unconscious figure that lay at full length along the roadside.

It was a beautiful baby, scarcely two years old, that either would not or could not say any word but "mamma."

And the woman, too, was beautiful, notwithstanding the pallor and haggardness of her pale face.

What was he to do with them, John asked himself perplexedly, when he had failed to either arouse the woman or quiet the child.

The road over which he had come was very lonely, though a shorter way to the station than by the public one through the town, and his own house was the nearest place of shelter.

There seemed no choice but to try to carry the little child and the insensible woman back to Fan's care—no small task over the slippery, snowy road.

Indeed, looking back upon the feat, it seemed to him that in his weak state it was wonderful how he accomplished it.

But accomplish it he did, and staggered through his gate into his back yard and up to the kitchen door with a very tired face and a strange, startled look in his handsome eyes, usually so clear, calm and smiling.

He had half-led, half-dragged, half-carried the little child, and altogether carried the woman, with her white face, and head of wet, clustering, golden hair pillowed on his shoulder.

The motion had seemed to rouse her once.

She opened her eyes, gave a startled cry, "John!" moved her face a trifle until her cold lips pressed themselves against the warmth of his neck, and relapsed into unconsciousness again.

"For Heaven sake John, what is the matter?" cried Fan in amazement, as, at his call, she flew to open the kitchen door.

"I found them half-way between here and the station.

"I haven't an idea who they are or where they came from.

"You will find out probably.

"The woman is in a faint, if not half perished.

"Get her into bed, and warm and dry as soon as you can, Fan.

"There is some brandy in the house, isn't there?

"I must hurry, or I shall miss the next train."

John trembled with excitement and fatigue as he started once more for the station, and he was not a little wet with the woman's soaking garments, and the snow that had fallen upon him since he had been obliged to abandon his umbrella to succor her; but he never thought once of himself.

"There?" he exclaimed to himself, "I never said a word to Fan about the baby; but she will be sure to care for it."

And when he came home at night the baby was first to greet him.

The little creature had moaned and fretted for her mother all day, and refused to be friendly with Mrs. Griffen or the children; but the instant she saw John she ran to him, and, being lifted in his arms, sighed contentedly, and fell asleep upon his shoulder, while Fan whispered that the mother was in a state of high fever and delirium.

"We must have a doctor for her," said John.

And giving the sleeping baby to his wife, he hurried to summon their own physician.

When the doctor came he shook his head gravely.

The patient was dangerously ill from the combined effects of exposure and excitement, and only likely to pull through with the best of nursing.

And from that night Fan's heart and hands were filled to overflowing with her own troubles and her care of her strange guests; for John's carefully-worded advertisement concerning the woman and child failed to elicit response of any kind, and ill as they could afford to bear the burden and expense of the woman's illness, Fan and her husband were too human and honorable to think of sending her from their house.

"And then," suggested Fan, "her clothes are handsome, and she has diamonds, and there is money in her purse.

"She must have friends somewhere.

"But if they do not turn up, and worst comes to worst, we can use the money and sell the diamonds."

But John gainsaid this proposition vehemently.

"No," he said, "we will not touch a thing of hers until she is well enough to tell us to do so."

"But suppose she dies?" urged Fan.

"Well, then we shall have to use her money, I fear.

"Now go to bed, Fan, and get all the rest you can.

"I will sit up with Dolly's mamma," he said.

For they had agreed to call the child Dolly.

She was a capricious, passionate little thing, who, while her mother's life hovered for days on the borders of the valley of the shadow of death, had become thoroughly domesticated in her new home, and ruled in it like the baby-tyrant she was, lavishing a depth of affection upon John, whom she persisted in calling papa, remarkable in one so young.

Fan, who was thoroughly weary, was soon sleeping soundly, while John sat watching in the half-darkened room beside his patient, who moaned and tossed herself about in feverish agony.

No woman could have been more gentle than this strong man as he administered medicines, and occasionally bathed the sick woman's head.

At one of these times she grew more quiet, opened her eyes feebly, saw who bent above her, cried "John!" with a little fluttering, gasping cry, and tried to move her weak hand towards him.

John started, and felt the hot blood beating in unwontedly rapid tides through all his veins, as he had once before, when her cold, white lips had kissed him.

"Yes."

He answered her soothingly, clasped her hand in his, and seated himself again by her side.

The tired lids fell over the great blue eyes, and the stranger slept so deeply, and yet so faintly, that sometimes John thought her life must have quite ebbed away.

At day-dawn, however, she was stronger, and yet sleeping, and her watchers knew that the crisis of her fever was past.

But she was a long time getting well, and it was days before the patient talked, or even asked after her child.

It was to John that she first spoke—so evenly, so rationally, as he sat by her side one evening, that he knew she had been thinking through all these long, speechless, seemingly semi-conscious days.

"John," she said softly; and he moved in answer to the name.

At that she smiled, and the smile transformed her face, thin and pale though it was, into almost seraphic beauty.

"You are John then?"

"Yes," softly.

"Am I very much better? Have I been ill long?"

"You are better, but not well by any means.

"You must keep quiet and not excite yourself.

"You have been ill about three weeks now."

"And the baby?"

"We call her Dolly. She is here and well."

"Where is here?"

"If you mean the place, it is Westborough.

"My name is Griffen."

"Oh, yes, I remember everything now.

"I have been trying so long to put it altogether.

"I must tell you——"

"You must tell me nothing to-night," interrupted John.

"But I must."

"But you must not," said John authoritatively.

"You have talked quite enough for one time."

She relapsed into an obedient state, only smiling up at him with her wonderful eyes.

"How strange that Dolly's mamma should call you John!" said Fan wonderingly one night, when she had heard the sick woman so address her husband.

"Yes, isn't it?" replied Mr. Griffen calmly.

"I think from the first she has mistaken me for some one she knew."

"That must be it.

"But it's odd she doesn't tell us more about herself."

"She will in time," replied John confidently.

But that they were to call her Mrs. Chadwick was all the information she volunteered as she grew slowly better, and finally well enough to be dressed and lifted to an easy-chair.

She never even mentioned the baby's name, but adopted the one the Griffens had given the child.

She seemed to be thinking intently most of the time, and the first day she was able to sit up she wrote a long letter, inclosing it in two envelopes and giving it to John to post.

The outer envelope was addressed to a woman.

"The answer is to be sent to your care," she said to John.

She had asked his address, and, in fact, without communicating anything concerning herself, had learned nearly all there was to learn about the affairs of her new friends.

It was the third day after the letter was sent that an elegant old gentleman came into John's bank, and asked for Mr. Griffent

"A Mrs. Chadwick is staying at your house, I believe?

"She has been ill?

"She is better?

"Would you mind telling me what you know about her?"

John looked at the questioner curiously, but he had a well-bred, commanding way with him that dispelled any idea of impertinence.

"I know nothing about her, sir, save that I found her half perished in the snow one stormy morning.

"I carried her and the child home."

An almost imperceptible tremor passed over the older man's face at the mention of Dolly.

"She had a bad fever, and for days and nights it did not seem that she could live.

"She is much better now, but is in trouble I'm sure.

"Indeed, the doctor says that some intense excitement helped to bring on her illness."

The old gentleman bowed gravely.

"Thank you. Mrs. Chadwick may hear from me."

When John related the incident to their guest, that night, she uttered not the slightest word, until Fan had left the room; and then she said—

"That was my father."

Two days later there came a letter.

She read it with eager haste, and an exciting color flaming in her cheeks; but again she said nothing until John came to sit with her while Fan cleared away the dinner and attended to her household duties.

Then she drew a chair close to her side, and motioning John to take it said, with a dazzling smile—

"I want to say a great deal to you to-night that you would not let me tell you once before."

But after all it was soon told—the story of her wayward life; how loving a man she could not marry, and bidden by her father to accept the hand of a man whom she disliked, she had revenged herself by eloping with a handsome actor.

Their life from the first had been wretched enough; until, at last, tired of his cruelty and tyranny, she had fled from her husband, determined to seek refuge at a quiet little hotel in Westborough, until she could communicate with her father.

"You have been very kind to me, and I am going to ask you to be kinder still.

"Do you know who I thought you were when I first opened my eyes upon your face?

"The man I first loved.

"The man I shall love until the end of my life.

"The man I can never marry.

"His name was John, and you look—oh, so like him!

"And you are like him, so strong and yet so gentle," she went on musingly.

Then lifting her great eyes suddenly and seriously to his face—

"And he would have done anything in the world for me, and because you are so like him I am going to ask you to do this great favor for me.

"I want you to keep Dolly for me.

"Keep her always as your own."

John looked into the pleading blue eyes in amazement.

"Keep Dolly?" he said.

"Yes; it is my only chance of going home and finding comfort and protection.

"My father will never let me bring Dolly to his house, and I could not give her to every one"—with a charming moistness appearing about her eyes—"only to you—to you—John," and her little hand slipped itself pleadingly into his.

"Will you do it?

"Will you take her?"

"Yes, I will keep Dolly for my very own."

And John Griffen—prosaic, practical John Griffen—wrenched his hand from Mrs. Chadwick's grasp, and went out in the night air to cool the feverish throbbing of his veins, and think to what he had committed himself.

He dared not think—Why?

The next morning, when Fan walked into her guest's room, having tapped several times and obtained no answer, she found Dolly sleeping there alone.

Their guest was gone.

"We must keep Dolly," was all that John said, in answer to Fan's amazement.

"Of course," assented kind-hearted Fan.

"We cannot turn the child adrift, but I must say I would not have believed Mrs. Chadwick guilty of such heartlessness."

"Don't say that," replied John gently.

"We don't know what motives may have led her to leave us so secretly, and we may hear from her again."

But they never did.

Only two weeks later John brought home from the bank an immense legal-looking document which he flung into Fan's lap, while he lifted Dolly in his arms and pressed kiss after kiss upon her little face.

"Where did all this money come from, John?" cried Fan excitedly, as she lifted twenty crisp bank-bills, each for a hundred dollars, in her trembling fingers.

"My dear Fan," said John, going to her side, with Dolly still nestling in his arms, "that and Dolly are presents to us, if we will keep her for our own, and give her our name.

"That is to repay us for our trouble, and when Dolly is of age she will find in the bank ten thousand dollars and its accumulated interest for Dolly Griffen.

"Our chairman has examined the papers, and says everything is legal enough, only we are never to know who Dolly's mother is.

"We had better keep her, had we not?"

"Oh, John!

"I should think so!

"What a Providence!"

And so Dolly stayed, the baby and pet of the Griffen family, and John's particular darling and idol—his passionate love for her being the "touch of romance" in his practical life.

And who was Dolly's mother?

They never knew.

But John once saw her beautiful face, shining out from a cloud of bridal lace, in a passing carriage.

Aunt Felicia's Visitor.

BY FLORENCE HUERER.

GERALD MAURY was taking a moonlight stroll in the environs of the "Eternal City."

He had seen a face that day that would keep rising before his fancy, do what he might to banish it.

He had gone to visit one of the famous picture galleries, where modern *chefs-d'œuvre* vie with ancient master-pieces.

He had a keen eye for the beautiful; but of all the beautiful images that had there enriched his sight, one haunted his memory to the exclusion of all others.

It was that of a young girl whom he had found gazing in silent rapture on a picture he had just turned from inspecting.

The old gentleman—evidently her father—on whose arm she leaned, gave him a look that recalled him suddenly from the prolonged stare in which he caught himself indulging; and Gerald was too polite, after a hint, to seek excuses for stealing further glances at an object on which his eyes would never tire of feasting.

He colored deeply, and left the gallery.

And it was of this beautiful stranger that Gerald was thinking as he wandered along a shady side-path, catching occasional moonlight glimpses of the "Yellow Tiber," which certainly, just then, deserved its traditional epithet.

A quick outcry from the adjacent road broke his meditations.

"Help, help!" shouted an alarmed voice.

Gerald Maury ran hastily to the spot.

Standing in the road—an unfrequented one at that hour—was an open barouche.

On the back seat was an elderly gentleman, at whose side sat a lady, and imagine the thrill felt by Gerald when he recognized the lovely object of his thoughts!

A brawny fellow held the horses firmly by their heads, in spite of the frightened driver's efforts to urge them on.

Gerald sprang forward, and with a well-directed blow freed the horses by knocking the robber down.

The driver applied his whip, and the carriage dashed away out of danger.

At the same instant a stunning stroke from behind stretched Gerald insensible on the ground.

He must have remained some hours unconscious; for, on coming to himself, he found his limbs stiff and chilled, and the blood, which had flowed from an ugly wound on his head, was dried and clotted.

His watch, and what money he had about him, of course were missing.

For more than a week he was confined to his room.

On arriving at the stage of convalescence he made daily visits to the various art repositories, in the hope of again meeting the owner of the charming face.

Maybe she would recognize him as her rescuer from the brigands, and then—who knows what might happen?

But all his searching was in vain.

He made inquiries besides, but they, too, resulted fruitlessly.

The fair enchantress had disappeared—to him, probably, for ever.

Gerald's stay at Rome had already exceeded the allotted limits, and he saw no reason to protract it.

There were other places he had designed to visit; but the world contained now but one object of interest to him, and to that he had no clue to guide him.

He might as well go home as roam about dissatisfied as he then was.

"Dear Gerald," said his aunt, Felicia Thorne, to whose quiet country home he always repaired when his mind required soothing, and whither he had gone as soon as he returned, "how wan and languid you look!

"Your travel don't seem to have improved you."

"I quite agree with you, auntie," replied Gerald, "and so have come back to you.

"You are worth all the spas in Europe."

"I'll have 'metal more attractive' for you soon.

"Juliet Dalton's coming on Thursday," said Aunt Felicia.

"Juliet Dalton!" asked Gerald. "Who's she?"

"The very sweetest, prettiest, dearest——"

"Hold!

"Enough, auntie dear!

"She's coming on Thursday, I think you said?"

"So she writes."

"And this is—let me see——"

"Tuesday."

"Oh, by the bye, I remember," said Gerald, "that I have a most important business engagement to-morrow, and I must return to the city!"

"And not wait to see Juliet, after all my calculations on you and her becoming fast friends?

"I declare it's too bad!"

Gerald knew that Aunt Felicia was an ingrained match-maker; and there being but one person of whom he could tolerate a thought in that direction, he was all the more decided in pressing the excuse of business.

He would wait till to-morrow evening's train, but couldn't stay another minute later.

He and Aunt Felicia were chatting in the sitting-room next morning, when a fly from the railway station drove to the door.

"Well, I declare!" cried Aunt Felicia, in a tone of pleased surprise, after a glance out of the window.

"What's the matter, aunt?"

"Why, here she is, a day before I expected her!"

"And who's she, pray?"

"Juliet Dalton!"

Aunt Felicia ran to the door and down the steps, while Gerald beat a quick retreat to his room, securing a respite till dinner-time.

The servant called him to luncheon; but he excused himself—he never lunched now.

At last the dinner hour came.

In spite of his aunt's encomiums, he had formed no high opinion of Miss Juliet Dalton.

Doubtless she was some doll-faced, giddy thing, with whom to be compelled to chatter nothings for an hour would be the extreme of torture to a man with such an ideal as he had in his mind.

He would have given anything for another excuse, but couldn't pretend that dining, as well as lunching, was an indulgence his foreign travels had cured him of.

He was compelled to face the inevitable.

"Miss Dalton, my nephew, Gerald Maury!" said Aunt Felicia, presenting him.

There was a start of mutual recognition.

Instead of the doll-faced beauty he had dreaded being bored by, Gerald found contronting him her whom a moment before he would have given all the world to see.

And Miss Dalton, it was evident, remembered the face of which she had caught a moonlight glimpse that night by the Tiber.

"Accept my warmest thanks," she said, "for your timely aid against the brigands.

"Papa tried to find you out before we left, but he could gain no trace of you."

Then the whole story had to be gone over for Aunt Felicia's benefit; and before dinner was over, Gerald discovered that that business in the city wasn't so urgent after all.

They say Gerald and Miss Juliet Dalton have planned another trip to Rome soon.

AWAITING THE GUILLOTINE.—So soon as the sentence of death is passed the criminal is placed on double allowance. The ordinary prisoners have rations of meat and wine only on Sundays and Thursdays; but the convict set apart for the guillotine has roast beef every day and wine both at breakfast and dinner. He may read, write and smoke as much as he likes. He has two warders constantly in attendance upon him, and their orders are never to contradict him and not to abstain from entering into cheerful conversation with him. The assassin Troppmann used to play cards with his jailors. Finally the condemned man has an hour's exercise every day in the "promenoir" attached to the prison infirmary. There are, it is true, a few drawbacks to his physical enjoyments. Directly sentence is passed the prisoner is made to don the strait-jacket; and that dismal garment—if he be not respited—he never doffs until he makes his toilet for the scaffold. The camisole is a sack-like canvas vest, with the end of the sleeves tied together to prevent the protrusion of the hands. Cords passing round the thighs, and fastening at the shoulders, attach closely to his body the arms of the prisoner. At meal times one sleeve of the camisole is loosened to allow the prisoner to eat with a wooden spoon the food which has been cut up for him. Again his hand is set free when he wishes to write. The murderer never knows when his day of doom is to come. Behind his meat, wine, tobacco and other comforts rises the grisly spectre of the guillotine. The cords which bind his arms to his sides are as the hand of Death, premonitorily clutching; and at any moment the governor of the prison, the almoner and the executioner may enter his cell and tell him that his execution is fixed to take place, not a week or a month hence, but that very day and within an hour or two.

An Old Maid.

BY HAROLD 1. ROSSITER.

I WAS about to begin my story thus—"I was an old maid," when the thought occurred to me that, inasmuch as the facts related herein occurred some five years ago, and nothing has in any way during this period taken place to render the term inappropriate, it might, perhaps, be as well to substitute the present tense, and say, I am an old maid; at least I am so called by my prying, gossiping neighbors, though really why a finely preserved woman of fifty should be adjudged that opprobrious epithet I cannot conceive.

However, at the time my story opens I looked five years of my two-score-and-ten, and was living alone in the snug little house left me by my father, just on the outskirts of London.

The house, a few valuable articles of plate, and twenty-five thousand dollars consisted all my worldly possessions.

I kept them all under my own personal surveillance.

Of banks I had my own opinion, and I knew a far safer place for my little hoard than entrusting it to strange and perhaps dishonest men.

I was sitting one afternoon in my pretty little drawing-room, revolving in my mind the improvement a little paint and paper might effect, and at the same time unwilling to expend the necessary sum, when my neat little maid-servant announced the fact that a gentleman had called to see me.

I took a hasty glance in the glass, to convince myself that my hair was in order, and my cap-ribbons at the proper angle, when his shadow darkened the threshold.

I glanced up.

His dark eyes were fixed so penetratingly upon me that mine fell beneath their glance.

I had caught but a passing glimpse of the handsome face and tall, manly form, but dared not look again.

"You will pardon me, madam——" he began.

"Not madam," I interrupted; "Miss Loring."

"Miss Loring," he repeated after me.

"I ventured on the madam because I thought it could not be possible Miss Loring could have been permitted to retain the prefix she so evidently prefers."

Presumptuous you perhaps think in a stranger, and so doubtless, written on the cold sheet, it appears, but spoken in a low, musically modulated voice, it did not present itself to me in that light.

I instantly tried to remember all the heroes I had read of in the romances I procured from the library, and to determine which one of them he most resembled.

In the strictest confidence I feel it necessary to confess one great void which heretofore and always existed in my life—a romantic adventure.

Singular as it may seem, I had never had one.

My heart began to palpitate as I thought that possibly the need would now be satisfied.

"I almost hesitate to make known to you the cause of my visit, lest you should regard it in the light of an impertinent intrusion," he continued; "but in passing by your house, I noticed the upper room in your back-building, which is peculiarly adapted for a studio.

"I am an artist, and in search of just such an apartment, for which I am willing to pay a most liberal price.

"I shall occupy it only during a few hours each day.

"If Miss Loring will not accede to my request, will she not at least pardon it?"

He bowed low and deferentially before me.

My brain was in a whirl.

What could his proposition mean?

Had he seen me and made this a pretext to know me?

I could not tell.

I dared not trust myself to give a decided answer as yet.

"I will think the matter over," I said, and I fear there was a slight tremulousness in my tone;

"If you will call to-morrow, I will let you know my decision."

"I will leave you my card, then," he replied, drawing his card-case from his pocket, and placing a delicately-engraved piece of pasteboard upon the table.

"I am quite willing to pay five dollars a week, and if you can accede to my request, I shall consider myself indeed your debtor."

I rose and curtseyed as he bowed himself out.

Five dollars a week!

It was munificent.

I need no longer study ways and means as to paint and paper.

I should be able to do all that I had planned, and more.

Why, then, should I hesitate?

Why had I not said "Yes" at once?

Perhaps he never would return.

My heart sank at the thought to a depth no mere pecuniary loss could have entailed upon it.

Had this stranger, then, made an impression upon that susceptible portion of my anatomy?

He looked younger than my real age—but what of that?

Doubtless I looked far younger than my years.

At the last taking of the census I had given my age at twenty-eight, and, further than a slight elevation of his eyebrows, the census-taker showed not the slightest surprise.

I thought afterwards the movement was a nervous affection, and was sorry that I had not proposed a specific cure.

I took up the card from the table.

It bore the name of Algernon Vernon.

Algernon! I might have known he would possess such a name.

In vain to try and rivet my wandering thoughts upon the latest-yellow-covered romance.

Nothing its pages contained equalled this new and absorbing element in my life.

All my doubts concerning my resolve had fled.

On the morrow I should accede to Mr. Vernon's request.

Not even the neighbors could find food for gossip, inasmuch as he occupied the room only during a few daylight hours.

But why had he selected mine?

The houses on either side of me were of the same construction.

Evidently he had a motive other than appeared on the surface for wishing to gain an *entree* into my humble abode.

Next day found me in a state of nervous agitation, lest he should disappoint me; but there was no occasion for it.

Promptly at the hour of the day preceding he arrived, and I made known to him my acquiescence in his request; but this time he drew a chair before the fire at my request, and we had quite a social and very pleasant chat.

He would not remove all his artist belongings at present, he said.

He was engaged on one work which particularly occupied him, and which he hoped to finish in time for the Royal Academy: after that he might have a request to make of me.

Had I ever been told by artists that my profile was a study?

Ah, he meant then to ask to paint my picture.

What a triumph over that horrid Williamson girl, who had said that one day, not far off, my nose and chin would meet.

Evidently she did not understand true art.

I have such a trick of blushing.

I never can get over it.

I blushed now and murmured that any request Mr. Vernon might make I was sure I would be but too glad to comply with.

Then he rose to go, but before doing so he placed a note in my hand.

"Invariably in advance, Miss Loring," he said almost apologetically.

"It is a rule from which I never deviate."

The next day he came.

He brought with him nothing but the picture on which he was at work, his paints and easels, and one or two wooden models.

Of course I never intruded upon him at his work, but he grew into the habit, as he passed the open door of the sitting-room, to drop in and talk with me.

One afternoon, when he had lingered over his painting longer than his wont, and seemed somewhat tired, I asked him to stay and take a cup of tea with me.

I could not but see how gladly he consented.

Of course I did my guest all honor.

With my own hands I drew the old heirlooms from their covers and placed them on the table.

With pardonable pride I ushered him into the room.

"Are you not afraid to live alone, Miss Loring," he asked, "with so much valuable silver?"

"Oh, no," I answered, "I keep it in a safe built in the wall, and sleep with the key under my pillow.

"No one would think of looking for it there."

"It is not safe," he insisted. "I wish I had the right to refuse to allow you to run such risk."

With what tenderness he uttered the last sentence.

To what was it the prelude?

It must not come upon me too suddenly.

I could not trust the tumult of ecstasy, but I no longer doubted what for long I had suspected—Algernon's heart was in me.

And as he bade me good night he held and pressed my hand.

I fear my head, spite of the injury to my cap, fell one brief instant on his manly shoulder.

I heard something like a sigh; then he tore himself away.

I was again alone.

The next day I did not see him on his way to the studio.

Two men were with him, so he could not stop.

They were rather rough-looking men—evidently models.

Shortly after one of them passed down stairs and went out.

Then Algernon came.

"Where is your visitor?" I asked.

"They both have gone," he said.

I thought it strange I had not seen the other pass, but soon Algernon's presence made me forget all else; only he seemed distrait and ill at ease.

Perhaps I had been too cold, too distant, and so had wounded his noble heart.

I silently swore to throw off the mask of maidenly modesty, and show him more of the true heart which beat but for him.

Before, however, I had gotten my courage quite to the point, he had gone.

I sat alone for two, perhaps three hours, until the twilight fell.

Then a sudden desire assailed me to go up and look at the progress of his work.

I had not seen the picture since the day it came, and he had been with me a fortnight.

Softly I opened the door.

The picture was on its easel covered by a cloth.

The latter I gently raised, but I could discover on the canvas no change.

Doubtless, lost in thought of me, Algernon had striven in vain to pursue his art.

I sank into a chair and gave myself up to sweet reverie, when suddenly I started.

A loud and violent sneeze sounded close beside me.

I sprang to my feet and looked about the room.

It was empty, save for the two wooden models and myself.

One of these latter Algernon had evidently been copying, since he had dressed it in the brigand hat and coat he kept for that purpose, and which he once had shown me.

A great terror assailed me; I searched every corner of the room.

In vain! I could discover nothing.

At last I went out, but taking the key from the door, locked it behind me.

On my way downstairs I caught a glimpse of Jenny's (my maid-of-all-work) young man escaping through the back door.

I did not approve of followers, but Jenny was so good and faithful that I sometimes had to shut my eyes to the somewhat frequent visits of the young butcher, who evidently intended her to share his lot.

Somehow my recent fright made the presence of a man—even a butcher—a thing to be desired.

"Tom!" I called.

He came back, bowing awkwardly.

"I don't mind if you stay tea," I said. "I had a little fright just now, and I'm nervous.

"I'd feel better to know that you were in the kitchen, within call."

"Thank ye, miss, but I can't stay to-night, and ye needn't be nervous, for I just now saw Mr. Vernon looking out of the studio-window."

"Mr. Vernon has been gone two hours," I said.

"Well, then, it was some one else in the studio, for I certainly saw a man's head by the window when I came in, a half-hour ago."

His assertion made me doubly nervous.

"It is very strange," I said; and then I told him what had happened.

"Let me go up and look, Miss Loring," he suggested.

Consenting, I led the way, but stood back that he might enter alone, Jenny meanwhile bringing up the rear.

It was now quite dark.

Tom struck a light.

The room was silent and empty.

Had some ghost been playing us tricks?

Doubtless if Tom had had only my story he would have been at once satisfied that my imagination only was at fault.

As it was, he looked about him puzzled and perplexed.

Suddenly he made a spring forward.

"Don't, don't!" I cried.

"You will disturb the model."

But too late.

He already had clutched it by the throat, and to my intense consternation and amaze it, too, became endued with animated life.

For a few moments the two struggled for the mastery, Jenny and I meanwhile screaming at the top of our lungs, but before the police arrived Tom had bound the fellow's hands, and stood triumphant over his prostrate form.

He soon made piteous confession.

It was not his fault.

He had been hired to open the door at midnight to Mr. Algernon Vernon, and was to assist in carrying off the booty.

"Mr. Algernon Vernon!" I gasped.

The fellow smiled a hideous smile.

"Yes, miss," he said.

"His real name is Jake Brown, however.

"He said there'd be no trouble in fooling the old woman, and that he had a sure thing of it."

The old woman!

I would almost rather they had taken my silver and my bonds.

Algernon! Algernon!

Still my heart echoes to the desolate cry.

Still it is empty.

Jake Brown!

I yet believe the name, at least, was basest slander on the part of his accomplice, whose term of imprisonment has just expired.

Algernon escaped detection, but I have the wooden models and the unfinished picture, which [illegible] to recall the one romantic episode in an old maid's life.

THE PANIC.—"Sir, I would like to ask you a question," he observed, as he sidled up to a waiting passenger at the Pennsylvania Depot. "Well, go ahead." "Do you think this country has fully recovered from the financial panic of ten years ago?" "Well, yes." "And do you think that public confidence has been fully restored?" The passenger looked at the other for a long time, and then asked: "Did you want to strike me for a quarter?" "Well, if public confidence has been so far restored that you could lend me a quarter without security, I think I would take it." "But it hasn't, it is coming, but very slowly. The recovery has only reached about a nickel's worth at this date. Take it and get your soul-destroyer, and see me ten years later for the other two bits."

Goods marked down—Feathers.

BLUNDERS IN PRINT.

THIS is a most comprehensive title and might include every species of mistake which possibly find its way into type. In the present case we may group under it a few examples of the more common errors in print, not only of those directly attributable to the printer, but also of the mistakes resulting from a loose style of composition, as well as those which may occasionally creep into the "copy" even of the careful in the hurry of writing for the press.

Both writer and printer, no doubt, repudiate them, but the disinterested will probably decide that each is responsible for a share.

Who has not heard of the blunder by which a right reverend prelate who had referred to the siege of Ablunleoch was represented as alluding to the siege of Limerick, owing to the similarity of sound deceiving a not-too-discriminating reporter? and of the United States proconsul whose classical education would appear to have been considerably neglected from the transformation he effected of the utterance of a senator of the great republic, "Amicus Socrates, amicus Plato, sed major veritas," into the less dignified phraseology, "I may cuss Socrates, I may cuss Plato," said Major Veritas?"

Most people, too, are acquainted with the story of the bishop who, preaching on behalf of the fund for renovating a sacred edifice which had fallen into a state of dilapidation, was reported in a local paper to have expressed a hope that he would never again have to conduct the service in that "old church."

His lordship immediately wrote to the journal in question explaining that the expression used was "damp old church," whereupon the editor mended matters considerably by appending a note to the letter to the effect that, while publicity was willingly given to the bishop's explanation, every confidence was reposed in the accuracy of the reporter!

It was the scribe again who ludicrously blundered—the deception practiced on his ear not being corrected by his intelligence—when the Earl of Carnarvon, who had referred to the revered memories of Barrow and Jeremy Taylor, was represented as saying, "A barrow and journeyman tailor."

In a speech on temperance, not very long ago, Sir Wilfrid Lawson was reported to have alluded to the "spirit of reticence that exalteth a nation," but, of course, the teetotal baronet had used the word "righteousness" where "reticence" did duty.

This mistake was doubtless due to the similarity of the consonantal outline for the two words in the system of shorthand most generally employed.

In the course of discourse on the Holy Land recently, a lecturer said that, although improvements in this respect had come into operation in all other parts of the world, the Eastern traveller still retains his sandals, and next morning was horrified to find himself asserting in a local print that the Eastern traveller still "retails his scandals."

Sometimes, however, the mistakes which occur are so clearly the work of the compositor that a denial will not avail, and he will then, too often justly, pass on the blame to the abominable calligraphy of the writer.

If a certain pressman, for instance, had written a "copper-plate" hand, a daily paper in its obituary notice of a distinguished continental character, referring to the time at which the subject of the notice left his alma mater, would not have informed its readers that at the age of nineteen he left his "alum water."

[illegible] under some circumstances, would [illegible] advertisement of the [illegible] Temperance Exhibition have informed the public that by a visit to the pictorial section they could see "strong drinks from foreign countries," instead of "strange Irishmen"?

It is, on the other hand, open to question whether the best [illegible] would have prevented a reverend gentleman, who in a sermon spoke of "women clothed with sanctity," being reported, owing to an unfortunate transposition of a single letter, as alluding to women clothed with "sanity."

A young member of the House of Representatives, much addicted to the use of inflated diction, expressed at a meeting of his constituents a wish that he had a window in his bosom that they might see the workings of his heart.

Amongst other blunders which a [illegible] composed report of his address contained was the substitution of "widow" for "window."

In a serial story recently, a printer took liberties with his "copy" with an amusing result.

The author wrote, "Lady Gordon grew pale [illegible] back a step or two, then fainted."

[illegible] compositor, better acquainted apparently with the movements of the [illegible] than with the motives of human [illegible], set up, "Lady Gordon grew pale [illegible] then painted." Occasionally, in correcting "proofs," portions of different reports, by a mistake which the initiated know may easily occur, are intermixed, and readers are then presented with a funny account.

It takes [illegible] to [illegible] the process of [illegible] oxygen [illegible] large [illegible] Get [illegible] and [illegible] for [illegible] This [illegible] Address them at [illegible] Girard Street, Philadelphia.

Our Young Folks.

WOLF'S JEALOUSY.

BY ARION.

I THINK I was really the nicest doll that ever any one saw, and it was not merely I that thought so, but a very great many people also who were not dolls at all.

I was neatly folded up in silver paper, and put with some companions in a box on a counter—an open box where everybody could see us, and indeed we were well worth seeing.

A couple of ladies came into the shop, and one of them immediately said, "Look here, Emily, here are dolls enough; now you can choose one to dress."

Emily came up to us and examined us all critically.

Finally I was chosen, paid for and wrapped up.

She took me quite tenderly in her arms and carried me off, but of course I could not tell what was going to be done with me or where I was taken, because I was a brown parcel.

I knew that I was passing rapidly through the air, and then I was sure I entered a house.

Soon after this I was untied and taken out and laid on a table, but on two charming little girls running into the room, I was hustled into a drawer and hidden from sight.

At first this made me angry.

That I should be hustled and hidden as if I were not fit to be seen!

But I was pacified when I found that there was evidently some great mystery being made of me, and that the end of the mystery was to be a delightful surprise, for as soon as the children had run out of the room again, Emily said, "Whatever happens, Emma and Louisa must not have a sight of her till the birthday comes."

Ha! ha! I began to understand.

I was to be a birthday present.

Then Emily and Maria—for that was the name of the other young lady—sat down and took out their work-boxes and all kinds of pretty things, pieces of cambric and flannel and silk, and they threaded their needles, and took their scissors, and cut out and stitched, measuring me from time to time, so that I knew I was going to be dressed.

The birthday was in the middle of July, and nothing could be lovelier than the sky or brighter than the sun on that morning.

Emily threw a handkerchief over me and took me downstairs into the breakfast-room where I was placed in a drawer.

I could see and hear through the key-hole though I could not be seen myself.

Louisa was much kissed and congratulated by everybody.

Her papa gave her a dollar, her mamma a small fan to cool, even Emma, her little sister, had her offering, which was a transparent slate with pictures to trace through. And Emily said, "you will find my present in the garden," while Maria cried out, "Yes, and mine too."

"But not till you have done your breakfast, little six-year-old Louisa," they both said at once, and then they kissed her and fondled her, and Louisa laughed up into their faces and kissed them in return.

After breakfast Maria engaged the attention of the two little girls, while Emily took me and slipped out into the garden unnoticed, she ran into a pretty glade in a little wood near the house, and placed me carefully, with the handkerchief under me, so that my beautiful blue silk should not be spoiled, behind some bushes, and almost concealed by the long feathery grasses; then she and Maria brought Louisa and Emma into the wood.

"And turn round three times and catch whom you may," cried Emily; and then the two grown-up young ladies went and hid among the trees.

The little girls were much excited, as they knew they were now to find the birthday presents.

They went hunting about, peeping here and peeping there, till at last, as good fortune would have it, it was Louisa herself who first saw me, and she stopped short almost as if she had received a blow, so overwhelmed was she with amazement and admiration.

She clasped her little hands together and exclaimed, "Oh—h!" such a long-drawn "oh," with a world of expression in it, as I shall never forget, while she seized on me with eyes that glistened through tears of rapture, and such a look of love in them that I longed to kiss her.

"Oh, Emma! look, look!" she cried, and then Emma came and she screamed with delight, and Louisa took me up with almost reverent tenderness, and kissed me and hugged me, and said I was the most beautiful doll she ever had beheld.

Then the two children fell to admiring my hands and my feet and my eyes and my mouth and my hair, and they made almost a great fuss about my dress as about myself, but I was not offended at that, for I was very proud of my dress too.

There was one member of the family which I have not mentioned yet and how as a very important one, being a great big dog named Wolf, with a long mane and bushy tail.

He would fetch and carry anything that was holden whatever it might be—a ball or a handkerchief were thrown to the top of a tall tree, he would run up like a cat or a squirrel and bring it down again.

I had often seen him, before my open introduction into the family, but I don't think he had ever seen me, and now when he had that pleasure he did not seem to like me at all.

He was jealous of all the admiration and attention I received, and of the kisses and caresses my dear little mistress lavished on me, and he looked at me askance, ceased to wag his tail, and gave two or three deep suppressed growls.

"Oh, naughty Wolf!" cried Emma, and "Oh, naughty Wolf!" cried Louisa, and she added, "not to like Violet!"

So then I found that my name was to be Violet, and I was pleased, for a sweeter name no doll could have.

Next the children began to look out for the other present, and they found it at last, and it was such a delightful thing, that I really did require to be the most beautiful of dolls to hold my own and be much thought of after that.

It was one of those hammocks which you see now in some gardens, and it was fastened to a tree and swinging about in the soft summer breeze.

Louisa and Emma and Wolf and I played very happily, getting in and out of this hammock, for some time, only Louisa always had to hold me each time out of Wolf's reach, for he kept growling at me, and the more she petted me the more he growled, and that amused her, so she redoubled her caresses, and poor old Wolf got more and more angry.

Once he snapped at me, and actually caught my blue silk dress in his big mouth, and I was dreadfully frightened, but my little mistress only laughed and scolded him, and both the children pretended to beat him, slapping his great hairy head with playful slaps, and telling him he was the very worst old dog in the whole world.

After a while, however, Emma went away and Louisa fell asleep in the hammock with me in her hands.

In a few minutes her hold relaxed and I fell to the ground.

I [illegible] but with a growl and a spring Wolf was upon me, and the next moment I found myself in his [illegible] mouth, held fast between his sharp teeth, which, however, did not hurt me at all, only I became most awfully sea-sick as I was tossed to and fro, and still Louisa slept soundly in it.

He scampered off till he came to a great bushy tree, and then he ran up to the top of it, and there he left me just as if I had been a ball or a handkerchief that was hidden for him to find, and then he ran down again, and when he was on the ground he gave a loud bow-wow-wow, which sounded as if he had said, "Hip, hip, hurrah!" and trotted soberly off.

And there was I left, very much shaken and frightened, and supposing that nobody would ever find me again, up at the top of a high tree.

I who had always thought myself finer and better than any other doll, and that I ought to be above them all, was above them indeed; and on this dreadful pre-eminence I repented of my vanity and boastful spirit, and how I had wished to be higher than my neighbors instead of thinking of them more than of myself, as a good doll ought to do.

And while I was so busy repenting that I had almost forgotten my miserable situation, I heard footsteps below me, and there were Louisa and Emma running wildly along looking for me, the tears streaming down their cheeks, dear little things, while they cried out, "Oh, Violet, Violet, where are you! where are you!"

And though I saw and heard them, they could not see me, and I could not make them see me.

I really thought my heart would break, when all of a sudden Louisa looked up and gave a loud scream.

She saw me just as I was making a wild effort to fling myself down.

"I see me—she cried.

"Oh, Emma, how could she get there?"

And the two darlings began trying to climb the tree in their affectionate eagerness to get at me, as if their little fat arms and legs could ever bring them to the top.

I was afraid they would hurt themselves, and perhaps get a fall, but they were very soon obliged to give up the attempt, and both began to cry again, when all of a sudden Wolf ran up and joyously jumped on them, wagging his tail and barking.

Then a sudden idea struck Louisa, she pointed to the top of the tree and said, "Wolf, good dog, find."

Trained to obedience, up the tree and ran Wolf, took me up daintily in his mouth, brought me down and laid me at Louisa's feet.

I wondered whether he remembered that it was he who put me there?

However that might be, I was received with the most loving delight, while Wolf was so petted and praised, and called "good dog," so often for having restored me to the children that he forgot to be jealous of me, and has been my kind friend ever since, while I hope I may say that I have been cured of my vanity and desire to be always at the "top of the tree."

A KANSAS gentleman mistook a soda fountain, just introduced into the local drug store, for an ordinary water cooler, and seeing no glass handy, put his mouth to the nozzle and set the thing going. He says the time he was tossed in a blanket wasn't a circumstance to it.

☞ No family Dyes were ever so popular as the Diamond Dyes. They never fail. The Black is far superior to logwood. The other colors are brilliant.

TWO LIVES

BY N. T. J.

IT was only a few days after my mother died that old Kate, the blind woman who lived in the room next to ours, lost her little dog, and offered to share with me her small means of living if I would fill his place for her.

I was glad enough to accept her offer, and so, day after day, I led her through the streets, and at night shared her humble cot.

It was in that way, through passing so often the same houses, that I noticed and was attracted towards the inmates of one.

It was an elegant brick dwelling, with a bow-window, and in that window often sat a lady, with the gentlest, most beautiful face I had ever seen; while leaning at her knee would be a boy of about twelve years, with eyes and brow like her own, but features in general more like the dark, handsome face of one who would sometimes come and talk with them for a while.

It was all the same to old Kate where I led her, so long as she knew by the sounds about her that we were in a populous neighborhood, and I often would pass and re-pass that house with the bow-window and its beautiful occupants as many as a dozen times a-day; and so, though they knew me not, I came to know them well.

The months went on, and summer came with its pleasant evenings.

Then, when old Kate, worn out, would fall fast asleep, I would watch my opportunity and slip out unheard.

Perhaps it was wrong for me to do so; but surely, I thought, no one would harm a little girl.

One evening, drawn by the splendor within an open door, I stood looking in, when a lady who was passing left the arm of the elderly gentleman whom she was with and came to my side.

"Come away, my child," she said, earnestly.

"Do you not know that is one of the demon's most deadly traps?

"Come away, let me entreat you!"

I was not afraid, she spoke so kindly; but it did not seem to me that what she said could be true.

"Oh, it is too beautiful to be that," I answered; "it is like fairy-land."

Her voice was even more earnest as she spoke again, and there was a bitterness in it as if somehow she had suffered through just such a place.

"It is not so, my child.

It is the straight road to destruction.

"True, it is beautiful, but is so only to entice and ruin."

I walked on by her side for some distance—the gentleman all that time never saying a word, but looking, I thought, a little amused, and then she kissed my hands and I sped home.

Another bright moonlit evening came. I could not resist the temptation to once more stray out.

This time my steps turned towards the house in which I was so much interested.

The lights were lit, but the curtains were all drawn; and though I crouched low by the iron railings, I could see nothing, and was turning away, when a light carriage suddenly drove up and stopped, and a gentleman alighted and ran up the steps.

At the same moment the door opened, and the lady with the beautiful face came with outstretched hands to meet him.

But her face was as I had never seen it before—all stained by tears that yet fell, though with her white hands she tried to brush them away.

"Oh, George! where is Gaston?

"Herbert is ill—perhaps to death!

"I have longed so for you to come, for only you could I ask to search for him.

"My poor boy has done nothing but moan and call for his father for the last three hours, and the doctor says if his wish is not satisfied and his mind not at rest he fears the worst.

"Oh, George, I pray you leave no stone unturned till you find my husband!

"I cannot tell you where to look, for I have not seen him since early this morning.

"He did not know that Herbert was in any danger, for even I did not.

"The fever became violent for the first time at noon."

The gentleman stooped and kissed her forehead.

"My poor sister, I only wish for your sake I had my clue as to where Gaston is; but I will do my best."

But ere he had left her I had gone, on the wings of the wind, for I knew where to look for him.

Only an hour before, I had seen him enter the door that I had heard called "the demon's most deadly trap."

I knocked, and, no one answering, though in my heart I was frightened, I pushed open the door and entered.

I saw not this time the great crystal lights or the bright pictures that lined the walls, for my eyes were fastened upon two forms who, in the centre of the room, were confronting each other.

"You shall pay for your words, sir! now!" one was saying; and as he spoke, he drew something glittering from his pocket.

The man before him who was thus threatened with the weapon was the one I sought for.

I sprang forward.

"Stop!" I cried, with frantic energy.

"Do not kill him."

All eyes turned with curiosity and surprise upon me, but I cared not.

The man's hand with the knife fell to his side.

"His boy Herbert is ill and dying," I repeated, "and he calls for his father; and the doctor says if he does not see him he cannot possibly live!"

I shall never forget the look of agony that came in the place of the anger to the dark face of Herbert's father.

"My boy dying, and I here!"

He had been beside himself with anger, but the shock of my words had sobered him and taking my hand, he led me from the place.

Once out in the street I tried to leave him, but he held me tightly.

"If my boy lives, it will be you who have saved him," he said.

"You shall come with me.

Such a pathetic scene it was when the mother, hearing footsteps, came to the door and saw her husband!

I cannot think of it now without tears.

A couple of hours later the doctor declared that the danger was past; the boy had seen his father, and, his delirium quieted, had sunk into slumber.

So it was that I, Polly Evans, saved two lives.

Mr. St. John, true to his word, never from that time neglected his family; and Herbert grew and thrived from his childhood (which his mother told me had always been delicate) into as stalwart lad as ever gladdened a parent's heart.

Twelve years have passed since then, and I am Polly Evans no longer.

But I will not anticipate.

That night was the turning-point of my own life.

"You must stay with us, my child," Mrs. St. John said.

"Henceforth your home is in this house, which but for you would be desolate indeed.

"I can never repay to you the benefits you have given to me, but all that is in my power I shall do.

"Your real name is Mary, you tell me.

"I had a sister Mary once, and I love the name.

"Mary, will you be willing to let me do what I can to make you a happy, useful woman?"

I was at once sent to school.

Of course I was ignorant, and had much to unlearn as well as to learn; but hard work accomplishes wonders, and two years ago I received kindly words from my teachers that brought a thrill of pride to my breast, for I felt that I could at last reach the ultimatum of my longing, and go forth into the world and work for myself, and be independent.

One day, when I thought we were entirely alone, Mrs. St. John and myself, in her cosy boudoir, I broached the subject for the first time.

I was little prepared for the effect of my words.

I knew that she loved me, though not till then how much.

But though she pleaded, yet I was firm, for I had discovered during the last few months something within myself that forced me to be so.

But, oh! it was hard indeed to resist those tender, earnest tones.

"Mary, do you not know that to see you leave my roof would break my heart?

"You do not speak.

"Is there, then, no way in which I can induce you to give up this idea that has gained such hold over your mind?"

"Of course there is," cried a rich voice at the door that brought the blood in a torrent from my heart to my cheeks, as, pushing aside the curtains, Herbert entered.

His eyes met mine, and mine fell.

A joyous light sprang into his handsome face—that face that I had long known I cared for with more than a sister's affection.

"Ask her to stay as your daughter, mother."

As I stood there blushing crimson, a soft hand took mine.

"Can it be possible, Mary, that you care for my son?

"I had not dared to hope for this.

"I knew Herbert loved you, but I never dreamed that you had a thought for him that was not merely sisterly."

(Ah, my short-sighted benefactress!)

"Will you indeed stay, Mary, as my daughter——"

"And my wife?" another voice added, while a strong young arm enfolded me.

And I stayed; and here I still am, no longer Mary Evans, but dignified Mrs. Herbert St. John.

Herbert often calls me "Polly," for which I do not chide him, for I love to hear my old name spoken in his tender tones, though, indeed, perhaps it might be as well to say that everything to me is music that comes from his lips.

A KANSAS man bet ten dollars that with his rifle he could shoot an apple off his son's head *a la* William Tell. He tried it with the brave boy's consent, but aimed badly, and instead of merely piercing the apple on the lad's head, the bullet took the life of a mule in the next field.

***"Presumption begins in ignorance and ends in ruin." On the other hand, the productions of Kidney-Wort began with wise cautions and scientific research, and its use ends in restoring shattered constitutions and endowing men and women with health and happiness. "My tormented back," is the exclamation of more than one poor hard-working man and woman; do you know why it aches? It is because your kidneys are over-tasked and need strengthening, and your system needs to be cleared of bad humors. You need Kidney-Wort.

ONE BY ONE.

BY ADELAIDE PROCTOR.

One by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming, some are going,
Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each,
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one (bright gifts from heaven)
Joys are sent thee here below;
Take them readily when given,
Ready, too, to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,
Do not fear an armed band;
One will fade as others greet thee:
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow:
See how small each moment's pain;
God will help thee for to-morrow,
So each day begins again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly
Has its task to do or bear;
Luminous the crown, and holy,
When each gem is set with care.

Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passing hours despond;
Nor, the daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's token,
Reaching heaven; but one by one
Take them, lest the chain be broken
Ere the pilgrimage be done.

SOME QUEER DISHES.

WHAT marvelous variety of tastes, of likes and dislikes with regard to special forms of food, from cannibalism to fruit cake, we find among people physically constituted alike in every respect. This person eats his meat burned to a cinder; that will touch only what is rawly underdone.

George III. preferred his when it was semi-putrid; his successor's weakness was hot plum-bread crumbled up in a lot of cream. Lord Bacon is said to have lived whole weeks at intervals on nothing but oranges; while the elder Pitt could not endure the sight of fruit, and never suffered any to be brought into the apartment where he was.

In Brazil the goose is considered coarse and unfit for food, and the natives of Malacca will not eat fish of any kind. Antipathies grounded on religious scruples, such as the proverbial detestation of pork which Jews are supposed to entertain, and the fastidiousness of certain castes of Hindoos, hardly come under this category; but it may be observed that the Jewish dietetic system, as laid down in the book of Leviticus, has been demonstrated by the physiologists to be the most perfect sanitary code that could be devised.

Amongst mammals and birds, it is difficult to say what species are not eaten in the countries where they abound. Probably the big dogs and cats would be exceptions, though one hears now and then of mighty hunters broiling a steak from the lion which has just fallen a victim to their powder and shot; but in China and other parts of the East the smaller domestic varieties are recognized luxuries of the table, and are exposed for sale as such in the markets; in a country so over-populated as China, every morsel of any substance that is edible is eagerly sought out and devoured, so that not only cats and dogs, but rats, mice, slugs, and almost every living thing in earth, air, or water, go to feed the half-starved masses. Rats are split open, dried, pressed and powdered with a finely-ground white bark, which gives them the appearance of haddocks as they hang in long strings over the vendor's stall.

The birds' nests, convertible into soup, so often quoted, must not be confounded with the industrial products of our own birds, which might be boiled a long time without yielding much nourishment, unless the bird happens to be inside; edible nests really consist of a kind of isinglass, and are constructed by a small sea-bird out of the gelatinous bones of dead and decaying fish. Most of them are brought from some caverns on the sea shore north of Shanghai; but they are not very plentiful, and there is no great demand for them. The soup is thick, slimy and glutinous, and neither so nasty as might be expected, nor as nice as could be desired.

On the Isthmus of Panama the tapir and sloth are eaten by the Indians, who also consider the agouti and other small rodents great delicacies. In Paraguay, the capybara, the great amphibious guinea-pig, as big as an ordinary porker, is a standard dish; and throughout the whole of South America roast armadillo is highly esteemed, and may be seen in all the cafes and restaurants of the cities, turned on their scaly backs, and the interior filled with a rich sauce composed of lemon and spices—much too greasy for most palates—though the flavor of the animal itself is delicious. Monkey and parrot are eaten in Mexico; they are both very dry and insipid, but it is stated that the bird is not to be despised if properly dressed.

That most malodorous marsupial, the opossum, is recognized as an article of food in Rio Grande do Sul and other provinces which it inhabits, where, however, they bury it in the earth until the flesh is free from its characteristic offensive smell before cooking it. Its cousin the dasyure, is treated the same way in Australia, where it shares the honors of the table with kangaroo.

If he were a bold man who first swallowed an oyster, that was a bolder who first investigated the alimentary properties of a crab. Surely he must have been in the last extremity of hunger when he broke open the hideous spidery crustacean and "went for" its uncanny internal arrangements. Land crabs, the most destructive pest of tropical countries, are far more delicate in flavor than their seafaring brethren, but are much smaller, and are prepared for the table in a different way. When Desfarge, the great French swindler, escaped by night from the convict prison in Cayenne, he sank up to his waist in a quagmire, and being unable to extricate himself, was eaten alive by these crabs.

Grains of Gold.

Woman's heart is love and song united.

He that has no charity merits no mercy.

The failure of one man is the opportunity of another.

Every man is occasionally what he ought to be perpetually.

Think wrongly if you will, but in all cases think for yourself.

A handful of common sense is worth a bushel of learning.

Good style is good sense, good health, good energy, and good will.

Every man's virtue is best seen in adversity and temptation.

Nothing helps the memory so much as order and classification.

Free labor will give us wealth. Free thought will give us truth.

No persons are more empty than those who are full of themselves.

Everywhere endeavor to be useful, and everywhere you will be at home.

We can never die too early for others when we live only for ourselves.

Human foresight often leaves its proudest possessor only a choice of evils.

Neither interest nor friendship, to please any man, should cause us to do evil.

When the best things are not possible, the best may be made of those that are.

The rock not moved by a lever of iron will be opened by the root of a green tree.

Every part of the soul, if it comes to any largeness of strength, goes through discipline.

People are to be taken in very small doses. If solitude is proud, so is society vulgar.

There is not a flower that grows in the field of nature but is planted by the finger of God.

Let prayer dawn with day. The manna was best when gathered before the rising of the sun.

The men who do things maturely, slowly, and deliberately, are the men who oftenest succeed in life.

Hope is nothing more than desire with a telescope, magnifying distant matters, overlooking near ones.

People who are habitually in a hurry have to do things twice over. The tortoise beats the hare at last.

Reliance is the essence of faith. Christ is the object, the word of God is the food, and obedience is the proof.

We ought not to be proud of well-doing, for the judgment of God is far different from the judgment of men.

It is not at all advantageous to be in a great hurry. Multitudes, in their haste to get rich, are ruined every year.

The gospel faith is a depending on Christ for pardon and salvation, in the way of obedience, as he is offered in God's word.

As the fire lurks in the dark earth and the rock, so mysterious hope and aspirations dwell in elements of the human heart.

If we would have powerful minds, we must think; if faithful hearts, we must love; if powerful muscles, we must labor.

If those who are the enemies of innocent amusements had the direction of the world, they would take away the spring and youth.

To gain the highest stations, we are often compelled to walk over regions destitute of feeling and virtue. The palm is a native of the desert.

He is a truly charitable and good man who, when he receives injuries, grieves rather for the malice of the one that injures him than for himself.

If a child is made to walk sooner than its little strength allows, the mistake will be seen in the distortion of its limbs; so with regard to their mind and character.

Femininities.

Men need not try where women fail.

It is allowed that after a woman passes 90 she is proud of her age.

Religion is everything to woman. She never appears so lovely as when she is at her prayers.

"Are you lonely to-night, Miss Ada?" "No, sir; I wish I were lonelier." And he bade her adieu.

A woman with a beaming face, but with a heart untrue, though beautiful, is valueless, as diamonds formed of dew.

A London surgeon says that only one fashionably dressed woman in 100 can draw a full breath with her clothes on.

Where woman is held in honor there the gods are well pleased; where she receives no honor, all holy acts are void and fruitless.

Somewhere in Georgia there is a church which is called "The Sisters' Church," from the fact nearly all the members are women.

Says a Frenchman, "The French women have one indisputable advantage over their Anglo-Saxon sisters—they do fill their clothes."

The shortest charge to a jury, on record, is the words, "How much?" uttered by an English judge at the conclusion of a recent breach of promise trial.

Jones says his wife always tells that she hasn't a jaw-tooth in her mouth, but he whispers that every one she has left is a jaw-tooth as sure as he lives.

The largest individual sheep owner in the State of Texas is a woman known all over the State as the "Widow Callahan." Her sheep number over 30,000.

It is not unfrequently that a wife mourns over the alienated affections of her husband, when she has made no effort herself to strengthen his attachment.

Galveston has a girl bootblack eighteen years old, neat in dress and polite in manner. She has a chair at a street corner, and is said to be getting rich.

Parties at Pensacola, Fla., have sent to Germany for 200 servant girls, to be held under a year's contract, with the privilege to employers of two years.

A conscientious lady excused her extreme love for diamonds and other precious stones, by saying, "They are the only bright things on earth which never fade."

A Boston woman had an attack of lock-jaw from chewing gum. After the physicians had given her up, somebody called her red-headed, and that cured her.

Pretty girl—"How much is this a yard?" Dry goods clerk—"Only one kiss." Pretty girl—"If it is so cheap I will take three yards, and grandma will pay you."

Miss Richards, who has been traveling about in Wisconsin organizing woman's suffrage clubs, says that her greatest opposition comes from young unmarried women.

Dialogue near the sea, on a hotel piazza: "I do not see how you ladies can remain here two months looking upon the changeless ocean." "But the men change," was the reply of a lady.

An Indiana woman bought some poison for rats, wrote the word "poison" on it four times, hid it away up on the top shelf in the pantry, and yet the hired girl used it for baking powder within a week.

"Resigned for more congenial duties," is the way an exchange puts it, referring to a young lady who has given up school teaching to get married. It is to be hoped her anticipations will be realized.

A clergyman in Oxfordshire, England, is said to have kissed his hand to a young lady in church during the service. A charge has been brought against him for indiscretion, and there is a great stir about it.

Two Philadelphia ladies, sisters, carried off the palm at Saratoga last summer for having the greatest variety of handsome dresses. One of them has forty-two different toilets and the other nearly as many.

A lady who had invited a small company to a parsimonious dinner, was apologizing for the chicken, and said she regretted having no time to stuff it. "It's tough enough as it is," remarked one of the guests.

A lady whose winter home is in Washington, and who is said to possess social distinction, employs her summers at her home in central New York in preserving fruit. Her sales are said to reach $20,000 a year.

Two young women in New Orleans fought a duel with butcher knives about a young man who had been paying attention to both of them, and one of them was killed, while the other lies in a critical condition.

A married gentleman in the East Indies is in the habit of receiving lengthy and affectionate epistles from his wife in Europe. These he never opens, but carefully lays them by, tied up and labeled according to their dates, in order, on his return, that his wife should read them to him all of a lump.

Says a San Francisco paper: "A young lady created considerable comment by appearing at a Los Angeles fancy ball recently in the character of a 'raw oyster.' Her costume was a sprinkle of red pepper, and she carried a cracker in one hand, and half a lime in the other. Well may the moralist ask: 'Whither are we drifting?'"

A Pekin paper tells of the sale of a Chinese wife by her husband. She had fallen in love with the purchaser, who agreed to pay $120 for her, but he neglected to bring the money when he called to take her away, and so the husband refused to give her up. In that emergency the enamored pair drugged him, forged his signature to the bill of sale, and eloped. They were arrested while eating their wedding breakfast, and put into dungeons, where both committed suicide.

News Notes.

Ex-Senator Sharon's new stable cost $60,000.

Eight ladies have clerkships in the Oregon Legislature.

The latest sensation at St. Louis is a horse that chews tobacco.

Mme. Patti, the singer, has 35 servants in and about her Welsh castle.

Philadelphia manufactured $10,000,000 worth of umbrellas last year.

A lady at Saratoga is said to have paid $5 a day for her dog's board this summer.

The London *Lancet* advocates stockings made like gloves to prevent soft corns.

A Simpson county, Ky., girl glories in a head of hair which is seventy inches long and very thick.

The Supreme Court of Wisconsin has decided that a man need not pay losses in grain gambling.

One of the local industries of Southern California is the trade in tarantulas and their nests.

There being no paupers in Amite county, Miss., the superintendent of the poor farm has resigned.

The æsthetic movement in England has entirely died out, and to be æsthetic is voted low and common.

Pug dogs as pets have had their day among the ultra fashionables, and now the "King Charles" is in favor.

Since 1861 the Government has paid in pensions to 472,773 persons the vast sum of nearly $170,000,000.

Decorative art in menus has gone to the extent of having tiny birds in real plumage fastened on the cards.

A small craft has been placed on the Thames propelled by electricity. The trial trip was very successful.

Next year several acres in the Thames Valley are to be planted with sunflowers for the use of the æsthetes.

A man living in Scranton, this State, while digging a grave, found a barrel containing 37 pounds of tobacco.

Rev. H. B. Dean, of Harford county, Md., mounted his bicycle the other day and made a spin of 14 miles in 1 hour and 20 minutes.

Mr. Knight, the new Lord Mayor of London, began business life as a warehouse porter in the city of which he is now Chief Magistrate.

It is claimed that the aggregate wealth of the State of New York is $7,000,000,000. This is about a seventh of the wealth of the whole country.

$200,000 per annum is the income of a patent mineral water manufactured in London, which was so fortunate as to be liked by the Prince of Wales.

A Chicago paper thinks that the arrest of two hundred women at a single police station in that city in one month is a pretty good argument for prohibition.

A father and two grown sons in Weston, Oregon, have imperfect hands and feet. Each has one finger on the left hand. They make baskets for a living.

At a wedding in Cleveland, O., the Justice performed the ceremony in English, the bride responded in Bohemian, and the groom answered in German.

The log cabin which Washington used as his headquarters when surveying in Virginia, still stands, it is said, over the Spring at Soldiers Rest, Clark county.

The completion of a factory in Toronto, Canada, was recently celebrated by a lunch party of sixteen persons on the top of the chimney, 160 feet from the ground.

A Western actress sued the city of Omaha, Nebraska, for fifty thousand dollars damages for injuries received from a defective sidewalk, and compromised for $25.

Jacob Worth, of Lime Valley, this State, found a common water snake on Pequa Creek containing fifty-one small snakes, eight or nine inches long, long, and all alive.

The matrimonial insurance societies which sprang up so numerously throughout the country a short time ago, have generally proved to be frauds of the worst description.

A London correspondent says a brewer confessed to him that the Salvation Army has diminished his receipts $25,000 in one year through their work among the lower classes.

The Empress of Russia is said to be in equestrian exercises quite the rival of the Empress of Austria, who once distinguished herself at a fox hunt by riding without any saddle.

The unhappy Emperor of All the Russias, returning to St. Petersburg from Moscow, at his first meal in the royal palace found, it is said, a Nihilistic proclamation wrapped in his table napkin, placed there by a disloyal page.

It is stated as a fact that the smoking of cigarettes has a most injurious effect upon the growth of the moustache, as the poison generated while smoking them acts upon the mucous lining of the upper lip, thus stunting the growth.

Kentucky is indulging in quilting bees and cat shakings. After the quilting the cat is put upon the quilt, the young folks take hold of the corners and toss the animal until it jumps off upon one of the young ladies, who is then crowned queen of the bee.

The children in a family living at Port Valley, Ga., have novel names. After losing many children, the bereaved father and mother were informed that if they would give their children the names of wild animals, all would live to a good old age. They have now four healthy children named Rabbit, Coon, Fox, and Possum.

New Publications.

"How to be Weather-wise."— new view of our weather system, with illustrations, by Isaac P. Noyes. This is a brief and plainly-written explanation of the causes of changes in the weather, based upon the system of the United States Signal Service. It also explains the nature of that service. Fowler & Wells, publishers, 753 Broadway New York. Price, 25 cents.

"Weighed and Wanting," by George MacDonald. It would be almost superfluous to praise any book from the pen of George MacDonald. There is to-day no living English writer who is his superior in interest of narrative, vigor of style and purity of sentiment, and his books have reached a popularity which has been granted to few. "Weighed and Wanting" is the latest and ripest fruit of his genius; full of those subtle touches which show thorough acquaintance with human nature, and breathing an atmosphere of moral strength as well as of tender sentiment. The reader will find "Weighed and Wanting" a story of unusual power and interest.

"Claude's Confession," by Emile Zola, just published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia, is one of the most exciting and naturalistic romances that great author has ever produced. It is founded on Zola's own life, and he himself, under the name of Claude, figures as the hero. The book is a deep and searching analysis of human feelings, and surely the miseries of student life in the Paris Quartier Latin were never set forth in such vivid and startling fashion as in its pages. The translation is by George D. Cox, and has been carefully and faithfully made. Price, 75 cents.

A book of decided interest is "Slight Ailments, their Causes, Nature and Treatment," by L. S. Beale, Professor of the Practice of Medicine, at King's College, London. Its title clearly expresses its character. Unlike most of its kind it is thoroughly clear and practical. The language is of a kind that all may understand and the remedies such as anyone feel confidence in. We cannot say anything higher in its praise than that we think it one of the best books for the household ever published. P. Blakiston, Son & Co., 1012 Walnut street, Philadelphia, Pa. Price, cloth, $1.25; paper, 75 cents.

"Reception Day," recitations and dialogues for public and private schools. Issued quarterly at 30 cents each, or $1.00 per year. This is a collection of fresh and taking dialogues, recitations, and short pieces for practical use in public and private schools. Kellogg & Co. 21 Park Place, N. Y.

MAGAZINES.

So numerous are the special features of interest in the November number of *The Century Magazine*, that it is difficult to select a few for mention in the brief space that we can spare for the purpose this week. The frontispiece is a portrait of Florence Nightingale, engraved by T. Cole, from a photograph lent by Lady Verney. This portrait is of special interest as associated with Franklin H. North's paper on the Bellevue Hospital Training-school for Nurses, entitled A New Profession for Women, which is finely illustrated. A paper of great interest and beauty is the article by Henry James, Jr., about Venice, with twenty-one superb illustrations; and following this is W. D. Howells' characteristic sketch of Mr. James, with a full-page portrait of that distinguished author, engraved by T. Cole from a photograph. The paper on Victor Hugo, written for *The Century* by Alphonse Daudet, will be read with peculiar pleasure. Several other papers of equal interest are sumptuously illustrated. Mary Hallock Foote's romance of the silver mines, The Led-Horse Claim, opens most promisingly, and is beautifully illustrated. This number begins a new volume, and a decidedly auspicious opening it is. The Century Co., New York.

The Popular Science Monthly, for November, contains the following interesting articles: Sewer Gas, by Frank Hastings Hamilton, M. D.; The Science of the Present Period, by Emil Du Bois Raymond; Some Curious Vegetable Growths, by W. H. Larrabee, Illustrated, The Law of Human Increase, by Nathan Allen, M. D., LL. D.; Science in Relation to the Arts, by C. W. Siemans, F. R. S.; Physiognomic Curiosities, by Felix L. Oswald, M. D.; The British Lion, by W. Boyd Dawkins; Scientific Farming at Rothamsted, by Manly Miles, M. D.; Who Was Primitive Man? by Professor Grant Allen, Life Among the Battas of Sumatra, by Dr. A. Schrieber; Sketch of Charles Adolphe Wurtz, with portrait, Correspondence, Editor's Table, Literary Notices, Popular Miscellany and Notes. Appleton & Co., New York.

Mrs. Sally Rochester Ford, authoress of "Grace Truman," "The Dreamer's Blind Daughter," "Ernest Quest," etc., will begin "The Inebriates" in the November number of *Ford's Christian Repository*, St. Louis. The serial will be a thrilling one, most of the facts having come under her personal observation as a minister's wife. It is written in behalf of the temperance movement.

Arthur's Home Magazine, for November, is full of articles both useful and entertaining. While the literary matter is of the very best, the various household departments have an excellence peculiarly their own. T. S. Arthur & Son, Publishers, Philadelphia, Pa.

A FARM that recently yielded a profit of $10,000 a year has been left by a wealthy bachelor of Oregon to a school for young ladies. Very few men who have escaped matrimony exhibit so much gratitude to the girls.

"Presenting the Bride" Heard From

Oquawka, Ill., August 22, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—The picture, "Presenting the Bride," has come to hand, and in good condition. I am much pleased with it, indeed. I have shown it to some of my neighbors, and they all unite with me in voting it beautiful. Will send you some subscribers soon.

H. R. C.

Missentown, D. C., August 12, '82.

Editor Post—The picture premium, "Presenting the Bride," received. It is beautiful, and I am very much pleased with it. All who have seen the picture think it is just superb. Expect to get you numerous subscribers in a few days.

K. L. O'N.

Port Oxford, Oregon, August 29, 82.

Editor Post—I received the picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and all who have seen it are delighted with it. You may look for some subscribers from me shortly, as many of my friends expressed a desire to subscribe, and how could they feel otherwise, with such a paper, and such a premium!

J. W. C.

Clinton, Ia., August 30, '82.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," came to hand all right. I cannot find language to express my thanks to you for the beautiful premium. I have received many premiums, but yours leads them all. Will send some subscriptions soon.

M. C.

Stratford, August 24, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—I received the beautiful picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of my most sanguine expectations. Shall see what I can do for you in the way of subscribers.

W. H. H.

Chehalis, Wash. Ter., August 13, '82.

Editor Post—Have received my picture, "Presenting the Bride," and was surprised at its marvelous beauty. I am well pleased with it. I have shown it to several of my friends, and all say it is the handsomest and most valuable premium they ever saw.

A. M.

Pearsal, Tex., August 12, '82.

Editors Post—I received my premium for The Post, for which accept thanks. It is the most beautiful premium I ever saw.

U. S. F.

Chattanooga, August 17, '82.

Editor Post—I received your premium picture yesterday all sound, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of the premiums usually offered by newspapers, and certainly ought to bring you many subscribers. Am quite proud of it.

W. E. R.

Verndale, Minn., August 12, '82.

Editor Post—I received my Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," and think it very beautiful. Had it framed and hung up two hours after its arrival. It is admired by everybody.

F. E. B.

Jamestown, Ind., August 13, '82.

Editor Post—I received my premium last night, and think it very beautiful. I will with pleasure aid you in raising your subscription list, and I think I can get a great many subscribers for you.

I. F. D.

Peconic, La., August 18, '82.

Editor Post—The premium picture, "Presenting the Bride" received, and I consider it grand. I have shown it to several of my friends, and each and every one of them pronounce it beautiful.

O. C. P.

Berlinton, Ind., August 16, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—My beautiful premium Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," came duly to hand, and it is even better than you claimed it to be. I will see what I can do for you in the way of new subscribers.

G. W. H.

Makand, Pa., August 17, '82.

Editor Post—I have received premium, "Presenting the Bride." It far surpasses my most sanguine expectations—perfectly lovely! Will get some subscribers for you.

L. L.

York, Pa., August 14, '82.

Editor Post—"Presenting the Bride" was delivered to me yesterday, and am highly pleased with it. We consider it a gem. Have given it a conspicuous place in our gallery for the inspection of our friends.

J. W. S.

Leesburgh, Kans., August 13, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Paper and premium received. The Post is a splendid literary journal. And the picture is very handsome. Am greatly pleased with it. Everyone who has seen the picture considers it grand.

G. G.

Columbiaville, Mich., August 12, '82.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," is indeed a beautiful gift of art, and cannot fail to please the most fastidious. Many thanks.

F. S. M.

Belvidere, Pa., August 18, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your magnificent premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," at hand, and think it very beautiful. I am greatly pleased with it, and thank you very much for such a beautiful present. I have shown it to quite a number of people, and they all say it is the prettiest and richest premium they have ever had the pleasure of beholding. Will do all that lies in my power to increase your subscription list.

W. F. S.

Mount Pleasant, August 21, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," was duly received, and am more than pleased with it. It is by far the handsomest picture I ever saw.

G. L.

Humorous.

High-toned men—Tenor singers.

A scapegrace—A man late at dinner.

To make a Venetian blind—Put out his eyes.

A good motto for an expressman—"Haul things to all men."

The fact that the comet has already gone to pieces is a startling warning against the habit of early rising.

Hughes' Corn and Bunion Plasters

Give *Instant Relief* and effect a *CURE*. (They are not pads to relieve the pressure.) Each 25 cents per box: 12 Corn or 6 Bunion in each box. Sent by mail on receipt of price. C. C. HUGHES, Druggist, 8th and Race Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

Catarrh—A New Treatment.

(From the Weekly (Toronto) Mail, Aug. 24.

Perhaps the most extraordinary success that has been achieved in modern medicines has been attained by the Dixon treatment for Catarrh. Out of two thousand patients treated during the past six months fully ninety per cent. have been cured of this stubborn malady. This is none the less startling when it is remembered that not five per cent. of patients presenting themselves to the regular practitioner are benefitted, while the patent medicines and other advertised cures never record a cure at all. Starting with the claim now generally believed by the most scientific men that the disease is due to the presence of living parasites in the tissue, Mr. Dixon at once adapted his cure to their extermination—this accomplished, he claims the catarrh is practically cured and the permanency is unquestioned, as cures effected by him two years ago are cures still. No one else has ever attempted to cure catarrh in this manner, and no other treatment has ever cured catarrh. The application of the remedy is simple and can be done at home, and the present season of the year is the most favorable for a speedy and permanent cure, the majority of cases being cured at one treatment. Sufferers should correspond with Mr. A. H. Dixon, 305 and 307 King street west, Toronto, Canada, and enclose stamp for his treatise on catarrh.

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KIDNEY DISEASES.

Acts at the Same Time on Kidneys, Liver and Bowels.

Does a lame back or disordered urine indicate that you are a victim? THEN DO NOT HESITATE; use Kidney-Wort at once, (druggists recommend it) and it will speedily overcome the disease and restore healthy action.

Ladies. For complaints peculiar to your sex, such as pain and weakness, Kidney-Wort is unsurpassed, as it will act promptly and safely.

Either Sex. Incontinence, retention of urine, brick dust or ropy deposits, and dull dragging pains, all speedily yield to its curative power.

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do not produce sickness at the stomach, nausea or griping.

They act directly on the Liver, the organ which, when in a healthy condition, purifies the blood for the whole body.

In CONSTIPATION they cleanse the stomach and bowels without disposing them to subsequent Costiveness.

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They are sold by druggists everywhere.

Dr. Schenck's Book on Consumption, Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia, is sent free, postpaid. Address

DR. J. H. SCHENCK & SON,
Philadelphia, Pa.

CATARRH.

A NEW TREATMENT WHEREBY A PERMAnent cure is effected in from one to three treatments. Particulars and treatise free on receipt of stamp. A. H. DIXON, 307 King street West, Toronto, Canada.

Phonography, or Phonetic Shorthand.

Catalogue of works, with Phonographic alphabet and illustrations, for beginners, sent on application Address BEN PITMAN, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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R. R. R.

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IN ITS VARIOUS FORMS,

FEVER AND ACUE.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other fevers, (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

It will in a few moments, when taken according to directions, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Summer Complaints, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Wind in the Bowels, and all Internal Pains.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French brandy or bitters as a stimulant.

THE TRUE RELIEF.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is the only remedial agent in vogue that will instantly stop pain.

Fifty Cents per Bottle.

DR. RADWAY'S

SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

The Great Blood Purifier.

FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE.

SCROFULA OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS,

WHETHER SEATED IN THE

Lungs, Stomach, Skin, Bones, Flesh or Nerves,

CORRUPTING THE SOLIDS AND VITIATING THE FLUIDS.

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Racking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, Tic Doloreux, White Swellings, Tumors, Ulcers, Skin and Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout, Dropsy, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption.

Liver Complaints, Etc.,

Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

Kidney and Bladder Complaints

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy or mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance and white bone-dust deposits, and where there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins. Sold by druggists.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicines than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. One Dollar Per Bottle.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operations.

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.

Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price, 25 Cents Per Box.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

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Send a letter stamp to RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren Street, New York.

☞ Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.

There can be no better guarantee of the value of DR. RADWAY'S old established R. R. R. REMEDIES than the base and worthless imitations of them, as there are False Resolvents, Reliefs and Pills. Be sure and ask for Radway's, and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy.

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CORALINE CORSETS.

The great superiority of Coraline over horn or whalebone has induced us to use it in all our leading Corsets.

$10 REWARD

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For sale by leading merchants. Beware of worthless imitations bound with cord.

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Facetiæ.

Who was the first person in history who had a bang on the forehead? Goliath.

An Ohio newspaper speaks of a man being bruised by "emphatic gestures of a mule."

A Camden man announces that he has discovered a perpetual motion machine. His gasmeter went ahead registering all summer, although the room was locked up at the beginning of the vacation.

"Buchupaiba."—Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney Diseases $1.

November—Murky, burky, damp and drear, see this gloomy month appear; the city, filled with slush and fog, looks just like an Irish bog; every trouble now seems double, and the worst in all the year.

"Mother Swan's Worm Syrup" for feverishness, restlessness, worms, constipation, tasteless. 25c.

It is said that chickens hatched in the natural way don't agree with those hatched by machine. One of the former lately told a chick of the latter, in a moment of passion, that his maternal parent was an old stove.

"Rough on Rats." Clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bed-bugs, ants, vermin, chipmunks. 15cts.

Superfluous Hair.

Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, 24 Sawyer Street, Boston, Mass.

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☞When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

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MOTHER, HOME, AND HEAVEN. 400 best authors. Prose and Poetry. Introduction by T. L. Cuyler, D. D. This elegant Home Book made still more beautiful. Revised. Entire new plates. 40 pages added. **34 new authors.** Making it by far the most attractive and rapid-selling book in the market. Extra inducements to old agents. Secure territory at once for holiday work. For circulars and terms to agents, address DOUGLASS BROTHERS, 23 North 7th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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Office and Salesroom: 1210 Ridge Avenue.

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For Manufacturing or Family use, is now known throughout America and Europe as the simplest and best Knitting Machine ever made. Makes seamless hose, double heel and toe. Runs either by hand or power. Capacity, from 6 to 8 dozen pairs socks per day. A child can use them. For circulars address JAMES L. BRANSON, 508 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.

WE WILL SEND WITHOUT CHARGE.

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☞Send for circular about Waste Embroidery, 40c. per oz.

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It cleanses the system of the acrid poison that causes the dreadful suffering which only the victims of Rheumatism can realize.

THOUSANDS OF CASES

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Correspondence solicited.

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Fancy High Top, as above.

ONLY $30.

THIS ORGAN IS BUILT ON THE OLD PLAN.

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27 Stops, 10 Sets Reeds, $90.

Soon to advance to $125. Order now. Remit by Bank Draft, Post Office Order, or Registered Letter. Boxed and shipped without a Moment's Delay. Catalogue Free. Address or call upon

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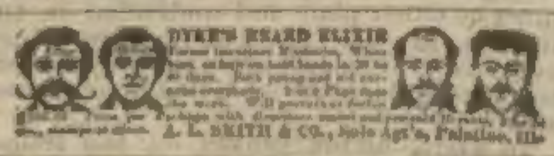

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Cards Send two 3ct. stamps to C. TOLLNER, Jr., Brooklyn, N. Y., for a new set elegant Chromo Cards and Catalogue of Latest Designs for Fall and Winter.

THE KEYSTONE WASHER.

OVER 300,000 IN ACTUAL USE

And all giving perfect satisfaction.

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Will wash Cleaner, Easier, and with Less Injury to Clothes than any other in the World. We challenge any manufacturer to produce a better Washer. **Every Machine Warranted FIVE Years,** and Satisfaction Guaranteed. The only Washer that can be clamped to any sized tub like a Wringer. Made of malleable iron, galvanized, and will outlast any two wooden machines. **Agents wanted.** Exclusive Territory. Our agents all over the country are making from $75 to $200 per month. Retail price, $7. Sample to agents, $5. Also our celebrated

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Circulars Free. Refer to editor of this paper. Address F. F. ADAMS & CO., Erie, Pa.

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The largest and the best. Eight pages, fifty-six columns. ONLY ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, and a present of a beautiful picture or a useful book to every subscriber. Agents wanted. Address THE TIMES, 25 Walnut street, Cincinnati, O.

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H. LUPTON, Publisher, 27 Park Place, New York.

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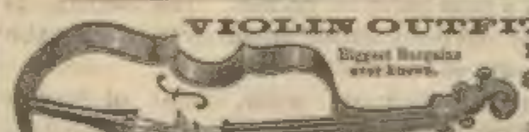

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WE GIVE the Social Visitor, largest and best story paper in the world, 3 Months, on trial, and a Beautiful French Writing Box, Imit'n Morocco, containing Lead Pencil, Penholder, 3 Golden Pens, Rubber, Pencil Top Pencil, for **36 Cts.** Stamps taken. This offer is made to introduce our paper into new homes. Address Social Visitor Pub. Co., Box 5139, Boston, Mass.

CLEOPATRA'S SECRET. Develops the Bust. Success guaranteed in every instance, or money refunded. Sealed particulars, 6c. Wilcox Chemical Co., 601 Sprucc St., Philada., Pa.

GUNS Lowest prices ever known on **Breech Loaders, Rifles, & Revolvers. OUR $15 SHOT-GUN** at greatly reduced price. Send stamp for our New Illus. Catalogue, 1882-3. P. POWELL & SON, 238 Main Street, CINCINNATI, O.

Matrimonial Globe! *The spiciest paper published.* Each number contains about 100 advertisements of ladies and gents wanting correspondents. Sample copy 10c., silver. Address The GLOBE, 119 2nd St., Chicago, Ill. Name this paper.

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SURE CURE

For Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Heartburn, Nausea, Sour Stomach, Fetid or Foul Breath, Constipation, Sick Headache, Bilious Vomiting, Vertigo, Loss of Appetite, Flatulence with frequent Belching of Wind, Oppression after Eating, Burning Sensation at the Pit of the Stomach, and all ills which drive many to despair, arising from Dyspepsia or Indigestion.

The action of these Powders is directly upon the food during the process of digestion, absorbing gases, neutralizing acid, and correcting acid secretions, promoting digestion, improving the appetite, and giving tone and vigor to the entire system.

PRICE, 50 CENTS AND $1.

By sending the amount in stamps, will be mailed to any part of the city or country. Sole depot—

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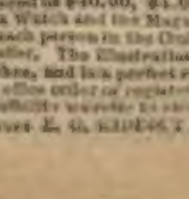
Just what everybody needs. Farmers, Mechanics, Business Men, or Boys can now own a Perfect Time Keeper. The Little Wonder Time Keeper is NO HUMBUG, nor is it a cheap toy. It is a thoroughly reliable teller of the time of day, in a handsome silver nickel hunting-case, and fully warranted. Cheap Watches are as a general thing poor time keepers, but the Little Wonder can always be relied upon. *Read our offer.*

We want 200,000 new readers for our paper immediately, and in order to obtain them and introduce it into every home in the Union where it is not a regular visitor, we are now making extraordinary offers. We will send the **ILLUSTRATED BOSTON GAZETTE** *free* for the next three months to all who will send us **36 cents** in postage stamps, to help pay postage and cost of this advertisement, and to each person we will send *free* one of the **LITTLE WONDER TIME KEEPERS** and a fine gold-plated **Vest Chain** attached. The Time Keeper and chain is well worth double the price asked. The Gazette is a Mammoth Family Story Paper, filled with bright and sparkling Stories, Sketches, Poems, Fashion Notes, Needlework, and Household matters, in fact, everything to amuse and delight the whole family circle. We know that you will be more than pleased. Write to-day. Address **INGRAHAM & CO., No. 17 Battery march Street, Boston, Mass.**

$6.25 for 39 cts.

Any one sending me 39 cents and the addresses of 10 acquaintances will receive by return mail good (not recipes) that nets $6.25. This is an honest offer to introduce staple goods. If you want a fortune, act now. J. D. HENDY, P. O. Box 127, BUFFALO, N. Y.



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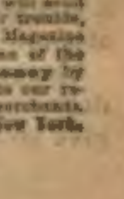

For 60 Days ONLY we will present this ELEGANT STEM-WINDING WATCH FREE TO EVERY READER OF THIS PAPER.

Owing to the failure of the large importing house, we have been able to secure their entire stock of GOLD, SILVER and NICKEL CASED WATCHES at less than one-half the cost of importation. These are included in this stock over **10,000** solid nickel-cased stem winding **watches** which we wish to convert into cash at the earliest possible date. In order to do this we make the following LIBERAL AND UNPARALLELED OFFER. UPON RECEIPT OF $1.00 we will send, post-paid, one of these SOLID NICKEL CASED STEM WINDING WATCHES, the retail price of which has always been $10 in this city. They are all excellent timekeepers, fine, heavy beveled edged crystals, and **never change color.** The price we offer them at is much lower than the wholesale price, and less than they could be bought by the gross to-day, but as a further inducement and in order to introduce our goods and publications in your vicinity, we will send you in addition to the watch, THE ILLUSTRATED HOUSEHOLD QUEST Magazine one year free. This is one of the best magazines of the day. It contains illustrations from all parts of the world, stories, sketches, anecdotes, poems, statistics, useful information, household notes, garden and farm items, answers to correspondents, puzzle department, Sabbath reading, and in fact everything that can be found in any first-class magazine.

The subscription price has always been $1.50 per year. For $1.00 extra, or $2.00 in all, we will send an elegant gold plated chain, worth, at retail, $2.00.

JUST THINK OF IT, FOR $1 we send an elegant stem-winding watch and the HOUSEHOLD QUEST MAGAZINE. This is not the watch sent you but a little, and you can sell a hundred for double the money or ask. This offer could not be made were it not for the fact that we bought the watches at nominal cost of manufacture. This Watch will sell readily for $5 to $10. Order now.

HOW TO GET A WATCH FREE. If you will get up a Club of Ten Subscribers to our Magazine, and send us $10.00, $1.00 for each subscription, we will send you a Watch and the Magazine one year free for your trouble, and each person in the Club will get the Watch and Magazine we offer. The Illustration given was made from one of the watches, and is a perfect representation. **Send money by** post office order or registered letter at our risk. As to our responsibility we refer to any New York publishers or merchants. Address E. G. KIDDER & CO., 10 Barclay St., New York.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

A great assortment of embroidered materials is to be seen in fashionable Parisian establishments.

Each part of the dress is worked in its proper shape, and only requires to be sewed in place.

The use of this goods is a great saving of time, as hand embroidery is very slow work.

The suits are composed of a round and flat skirt, only trimmed on the lower part with a band of embroidery and a narrow satin or woolen plaiting.

The tunique is draped to form an apron and a small puffing. The jacket is bordered with embroidery, has a worked plastron, and on the lower part of the sleeves are ornaments.

Another and richer style consists of a skirt embroidered in apron shape, with a flounce or ruching on the lower border. The redingote has ends opening in front to show the embroidery on the skirt.

It is worked in shawl shape, and the ends have garlands of flowers.

The same designs are down the back on either side, where the garment opens. Woolen suits, such as cloth, cheviot, or cashmere, are covered with all kinds of arabesque designs, or else they are perfectly plain.

Suits of striped Ottoman velvet and gros grain silk have embroideries of chenille, cordings, satin applique work or passementerie.

Puffings are a most conspicious part of present toilets.

They are made in all conceivable ways, many of which are neither becoming nor graceful.

The easiest to wear are those arranged to form part of a plaited drapery or of an apron which extends over the front of the skirt.

Many puffings are placed flat against plaited skirts without aprons, and are very ugly. A unique trimming planned and adopted by a Parisian lady is worthy of notice.

The plaited skirt has no drapings. The waist is a kind of sultana style, cut very short over the hips and opening in front in two points.

In the back on the lower part of the postillion is an immense "Leviathan" faille bow in the shade of the suit.

This bow is the width of the material, and the loops fall full and in puffs, covering about 20 inches in the back.

The ends reach to the lower part of the skirt. This model is elegant, as well as original. Demitrains are almost exclusively worn on ceremonious occasions. They fall straight, and are plaited in the belt. Long and richly trimmed trains are no more to be seen.

The "Montespan," or "La Valliere" dress will be the style most worn this winter. It consists of an apron of rich fabric, either brocaded, embroidered with beads, or covered with lace.

The waist is of velvet or of some similar material, with an embroidered point falling over the apron.

The demi-train is trimmed to match the waist. The sleeves reach to the elbow, and have lace trimmings.

Fancy velvets are to continue in wear through the winter. The prettiest among these have small checks. A most elegant combination for a toilet consist of two long ends falling down the front of the skirt, with buttons and buttonholes as on a redingote.

These ends open over a fan-shaped satin plaiting. The panel-shaped trimmings are of a delicate shade of lavender-colored velvet combined with a pale shade of green, almost grey.

The satin fan-shaped trimming is plain lavender. Two satin puffings in the same color form paniers. The lower part of the back of the skirt consists of a flat band of velvet.

Surrounding the skirt are three flounces of ruched satin. Above the flounces in the back are two puffed ends.

The lavender satin waist opens over a gathered velvet vest, with three pieces of goods in the shape of a V taken across. Most full dress toilets are in two different fabrics and in contrasting colors. Very odd and curious effects are thus obtained.

There have been so many variations of late in the shapes of aprons and skirts that it is difficult to describe anything that is absolutely new.

The soft winter fabrics must supply the deficiency and be so skilfully draped as to give an appearance of novelty. Many overskirts are perfectly flat and cut out on the borders over the deep full trimmings on the lower parts of the skirts.

Renaissance tarthingale paniers are not as often trimmed on the borders as they are raised under rich applique or passementerie ornaments, with tags and laces.

Bridal toilets have small paniers of soft faille or ottoman velvet, raised under white jet applique work in designs of lilies, orange blossoms, or roses.

The dresses may be of white "pekine" velvet, with gros grain skirts. Over ottoman velvet skirts with passementerie ornaments are detached from the dress, and can be used with other dresses.

This same arrangement is made for visiting and evening toilets. Black suits retain their hold on favor from the plain costumes of cloth and cashmere to the rich fancy velvet and satin dresses, the latter enriched with jet-work, chenille, or lace.

All the novel combinations are in plaid goods.

There are suits for morning and afternoon walking purposes of plaid, as well as indoor and full-dress toilets.

If this style of suit does not gain general favor during the winter it will not be for want of variety in the make, color, and arrangement of the plaids.

A pretty combination for morning outdoor wear is of plaid tartan with a skirt consisting of a deep hollow plaiting extending all the way up the skirt, divided through about the centre by a stitching made on the inside of the skirt as for a shirring.

This whole arrangement is on a false skirt. A drapery is taken from the sides drawn together and fastened to the middle of the skirt.

The back is draped. The jacket is of dark green cloth. It opens in the neck in shawl shape. The back and side pieces of the back form two hollow plaits with inserted plaitings on the sides. The collar is in shawl shape.

The sleeves are long and tight. The whole jacket is bordered with stitching. The felt turban worn with this suit has a brim bound with a bias band of velvet. The crown is partly covered with a surah drapery. In the back are several ostrich tips.

A suit for indoor wear, also of Scotch plaid tartan, is trimmed with garnet-colored velvet. The false skirt has two deep plaitings—one of goods, the other of velvet.

On the lower border is a narrow velvet plaiting. The "tartan" panier is plaited and draped to the back, where there are puffings. The pointed waist opens in front in shawl shape, and has a small velvet collar and revers.

Under the open part of the neck is a small vest of red surah. The back of the waist is tailleur shape with a postillion basque. The sleeves have velvet cuffs.

Many pointed aprons are made with plaid suits. They are diagonally draped across either to the right or left. On the draped side is a quille trimming, which consists either of puffings divided by crosswise plaits or of fine plaitings of plain goods in three colors of the check.

The trimming may also consist of faille butterfly bows. Gros grain faille ribbon is again in use, and will be generally employed for winter suits.

Woolen and cashmere suits have cloth habits. They are not the jackets destined for wear with all dresses, as they correspond in color with the suit. For silk toilets more costly garments are employed, such as redingotes in black or seal-colored plush or gros grain silk.

For young women, seal color is preferred to black, but rich winter pelisses, intended for wear during several seasons, are generally black.

Beautiful plaid surah suits are of glazed "surah croises," trimmed either with bias bands of pekin velvet, or with plain velvet worked in fine soutache designs, with silk and bead or metal threads. These trimmings serve for walking suits, while for evening and reception toilets colored Genoese or Spanish lace are used. Long winter confections are of gros grain silk, with plush and velvet flowers in relief. In the back they are taken in to the figure. The trimmings are passementerie applique work and cordings with tags. Many very elegant garments of this kind are to be seen in Parisian bridal trousseaus, trimmed with feather galloon and chenille fur, which are as handsome as fur. The hands are very broad.

Fireside Chat.

NEEDLEWORK.

CROSS stitch, the mania of the day, can be applied to everything. Perhaps no work has ever been more facilitated either by abundance of patterns or expressly woven stuffs.

The linen chests of Germany, Holland, and Russia have been ransacked in the search for the veritable designs of their quaint bygone embroidery, and as the fruits, behold almost every Berlin repository is stocked with books and sheets of borders, powderings, etc., to be bought for a few cents.

As to materials, there is quite a deluge of canvases, either in linen, bleached, ecru, golden brown, and twine color, or in wool of every full dark shade.

To accommodate the size of small table covers, curtains, etc., some of these are manufactured 65 inches wide! Besides the plain canvases there are hosts of very pretty fabrics mingling the linen ground with oatmeal or damask, either as alternate stripes, squares, hexagons, circles, etc. These particulars, however, can only convey a faint idea of the infinite tricks of weaving resorted to in all cross-stitch materials. For making up handkerchief sachets, glove-cases, shoe-pockets, work-bags, and other odd trifles, it is most convenient to buy the stuff by the yard, cut it out to the size required, and arrange the design accordingly.

Antis, gipsy table-covers, and sofa backs, on the contrary, are sold ready-fringed, together with night-dress and comb-bags, d'oyleys, etc.

The latter are pretty for the dessert, dressing-table, or as mats for tiny vases of cut flowers. Some have centre squares and corners of canvas, while others merely have narrow borders worked in cross-stitch.

They can be worked either with washing silks or colored knitting cottons, the last being, perhaps, more usual for tinted canvases of rather open texture, while the silk is preferred to finer d'oyleys surrounded by torchon or Breton lace.

With regard to the color, there is no restriction, though red and blue naturally take the lead as recalling Russian work; we often see mixtures of tender green and pink, or purple and grey, and, in a set of d'oyleys lately worked for a bazaar, the ornament consisted of a key pattern wrought in chestnut brown and orange.

Very graceful would a light border look on a sideboard cloth of canvas-edged damask, the sprigs being worked in silk of two shades of gold color and surmounted by the monogram of the owner, or some appropriate motto, "Let good digestion wait on appetite."

Making stitch in itself is child's play, yet there must be some little practice and care to have that faultless regularity wherein lies the real beauty of every species of work.

Besides this, the special merit of linen embroidery consists in its showing no wrong side; the stitch must be perfect on both surfaces, whether it be the double-cross or the Spanish stitch, which presents a cross on one side and a square on the other.

To produce the first, pass the threaded needle from the back of the canvas outwards through a hole on the right side, and carry the cotton slantwise from left to right over two threads, through the hole at the right-hand corner, under the same two threads again on the wrong side, and up through the starting hole.

Once more bring the cotton over two threads slantwise, through the right-hand hole, and straight down under two threads, slipping the needle in between the fabric to render this stitch as invisible as possible. Bring the needle out of the lower right-hand corner, and carry the cotton over two threads diagonally from right to left, thus crossing the previous ones, pass it to the back again under the same two threads, and bring it out through the lower corner hole ready to commence another stitch.

For the Spanish stitch commence as in the cross with an upward diagonal stitch, over two threads from right to left, horizontally under two threads at the back, down again in front slantwise over two threads, and under two horizontally at the back, the two bars, of course, lying opposite to one another.

Two obtain the two perpendicular bars, work over the cross again, passing from hole to hole by vertical stitches at the back; sometimes one-half of the cross may have to be gone over three times before the needle can be brought out at the right place to make another stitch, while the second and following crosses of the same line will, on the contrary, only have a single thread for one of their half stitches, as the right hand vertical bar of the pevious cross will stand for the left-hand one of the stitch just being made.

Esther.—You can make a handsome couvre-pieds in crochet plait stitch, done in bands, separated by bands of plush; shaded wools have a very pretty effect, the plush matching the darkest shade.

Smyrna.—For tapestry work the canvas must be either plain and undivided in the threads, or else the Penelope, in which every two threads are close to one another; this latter is suitable for Gobelin and cross-stitch.

In stretching the canvas on the frame, great care must be taken to do it perfectly straight, as, if the pattern is worked upon a crookedly strained canvas it will never lose a crooked appearance, and no amount of pulling afterwards will rectify the fault. Gobelin stitch is worked over three threads in height and four in width, leaving only one thread between each stitch after the first one. Tent stitch is worked from left to right, over one thread in height and one in width, making the wool to form a stitch just at the spot where one thread of the canvas crosses the other. In working bands with figures and foliage imitating old tapestry, the figures are worked in very small stitches over a single thread, but the foliage and background are worked in ordinary cross-stitch over two threads.

Correspondence.

THOMAS W., (Winchester, Va.)—Henry Ward Beecher was the author of the book named "Norwood."

INFANT, (Tallahasse, Fla.)—Yes, the obelisk called "Cleopatra's Needle," now erected in New York, came from Egypt, and the expense of its transportation was borne, we believe, by W. H. Vanderbilt.

A. S., (Sacramento, Cal.)—The woman's speech, as reported, is very vulgar and wholly opposed to the spirit of true Christianity. We are of opinion that Charles Dickens did infinite service to the cause of genuine religion by exposing the Chadbands and Stigginses. His little service in The Uncommercial Traveller, where he says he would have preached at the theatre, are worth more than all the drivelling of those sanctimonious stump orators who make religion the stalking-horse for their pursuit of pleasure in public speaking and notoriety. True religion is not demonstrative, and it is not coarse and abusive. Leave these enthusiasts alone; they are discrediting truth and their own sanity.

CONSTANT R., (Cowpens, S. C.)—Van Dyck, the painter, was born at Antwerp in 1599. His father was a glass painter of Hertogenbush, and his mother a painter of landscapes as well as a skilful worker in embroidery. These were the youth's first instructors, who afterwards, it is said, placed him with Van Balen, a historical painter of some repute who had studied under Rubens. To Van Balen succeeded Rubens, into whose school Van Dyck managed to obtain admission; and here the young student made such progress that he was soon entrusted with the execution of some of his master's sketches. Rubens advised the pupil to confine himself to portrait painting, and to visit Italy in order to study the works of Titian and other great Italian masters. By some, the Antwerp painter is accounted superior to Titian, as regards his portraits; but he was certainly not equal to him in respect of richness and warmth of coloring. Van Dyck produced many fine historical paintings, but they are nearly all inferior to his portraits.

HYDUR, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—The Carnatic is a portion of Southern India that is now included in the Madras Presidency. Its length along the eastern coast was at one time nearly six hundred miles, and its breadth from fifty to one hundred. In the early part of the Christian era, the district is said to have formed part of the Pandion Kingdom; in the eleventh century it came under the rule of a section of the Rajpoot race. In 1336, the Hindoo sovereign was made tributary to the Mogul emperor. The complete conquest of the country was finally effected about the year 1717, when the Nizam-ul-Mulk obtained independent possession of the South of India, and the dependence of the Carnatic upon the throne of Delhi ceased. In 1743 Unwer-ud-Deen was appointed by the Nizam nabob of the Carnatic and its capital, Arcot. In the dispute which followed as to the succession, the French and the English took opposite sides. Wallah-jah was eventually installed, and his son succeeded him. In 1801 the civil and military government of the Carnatic was transferred to the East India Company by the Ueeem-ud-Dowlah upon the company's undertaking to pay him annually one-fifth of the net revenue of the country and providing for the principal officers of his government. On the death of the nabob in 1853 an end was put to this nominal sovereignty, a liberal provision being made for the family. The History of British India would prove useful if you care to follow up this brief outline.

PUSS, (Waynesburg, Pa.)—Yes; every one has a romance. To some it comes early, to some late. In the knowledge of this your hope should rest. But it is at the age of hope that we shed so many tears. Dry eyes come only with lost hope, and tranquility springs from incapacity. Hope should be strong with you, even though the romance shows no signs of appearing. We do not consider you either bold or unmaidenly. The wish which possesses you is natural and womanly. Beauty, however, is not everything, the world has long since discovered that. As amber attracts a straw, so does beauty admiration, which lasts only as an old writer points out, while the warmth continues; but virtue, wisdom, goodness and real worth, like the loadstone, never lose their power. These are the three graces which, as Homer feigns, are linked and tied hand in hand, because it is by their influence that human hearts are so deeply united to each other. Remember this, and in future set small store by the mirror—which, as you say, is generally too truthful—for it is possible to spend one's life in gazing at one's own reflection and so dwindle away into the reflection thereof. We do not think you are likely to form one of the neglected sisterhood; but, even if you should, we see no reason for your sorrowing over it, if life has been lived with a worthy purpose. Sailing into port is a pleasanter thing than the voyage, just as age is happier than youth, with those who have turned the years to good account. At present we can only counsel patience. All things come to him who knows how to wait. Patience wanted a nightingale; patience waited, and the egg sang!

L. L., (Titusville, Pa.)—The wearing of ear-rings as an ornament dates from the remotest antiquity. In the Book of Genesis you will find the first reference to them. The material of which they were made was generally gold, and the form circular; such was the shape usual in Egypt. Women and the youth of both sexes adorned themselves with them; and it can be hardly questioned that men wore them also, for it is unlikely that the Hebrews presented an exception to the almost universal practice of Asiatics. As an amulet, the ear-ring was regarded with superstitious reverence; hence the jewels were surrendered along with the idols by Jacob's household. Ear-rings with talismanic figures and characters on them are still to be met with in the East. Among the Greeks and Romans ear-rings were worn only by women, and the prevalence of this fashion among the races of classic antiquity is illustrated in a singular manner, a flying writer points out, by the ears of the famous statue of Venus de Medici being bored, evidently for the reception of pendent jewels. Ear-rings have come down to us that have been worn by the ancient Egyptians, and have been found in the sepulchres of ancient Etruria, in the Troad and Peloponnesus by Dr. Schliemann, and in the burial-places of our Anglo-Saxon predecessors. The ornaments were usually worn in pairs, but in ancient times, as well as more recently among the Oriental peoples, a single ear-ring has also at times been worn. Pendent rings of gold for ladies' ears are mentioned in the Romance of the Rose. Stubbs, in his Anatomie of Abuses, speaking of the ladies of his time, says that they "are not ashamed to make holes in their ears, whereat they hang rings and other jewels and precious stones." In the days of Elizabeth and James men wore these ornaments.